

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

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THE
NINTH VOLUME
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AND
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VOL. IX.

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SEVERAL DISCOURSES,

BY WAY OF ESSAYS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE.

VOL. IX.

B

E S S A Y S

IN VERSE AND PROSE.

I.

O F L I B E R T Y.

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government: the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions, is such a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the intire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it. Now for our time, the same God, to whom we are but tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be

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paid to him, as a small quit-rent, in acknowledgement of his title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he never gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like Esau, for bread and broth: but the greatest part of men make such a bargain for the delivery-up of themselves, as Tamar did with Judah; instead of a kid, the necessary provisions for human life, they are contented to do it for rings and bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the ambitious, the covetous, and the voluptuous; and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves, though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of argumentation.

Let us first consider the ambitious; and those, both in their progress to greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what Sallust* says, "*Dominationis in alios servitium suum mercedem dant;*" they are content to pay so great a price as their own servitude, to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time; they must never stop, nor ever turn aside, whilst they are in the race of glory, no not like Atalanta for golden apples. Neither in-

* *Fragm. ed. Maittaire, p. 116.*

deed can a man stop himself if he would, when he is in this career :

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas *.

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean, servile things men do for this imaginary food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief men of that nation which boasted most of liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest Romans submit themselves, for the obtaining of a prætorship, or the consular dignity ! They put on the habit of suplicants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the tribes, to beg voices ; they flattered the poorest artificers ; and carried a nomenclator with them, to whisper in their ear every man's name, lest they should mistake it in their salutations ; they shook the hand, and kissed the cheek, of every popular tradesman ; they stood all day at every market in the public places, to shew and ingratiate themselves to the rout ; they employed all their friends to solicit for them ; they kept open tables in every street ; they distributed wine, and bread, and money, even to the vilest of the people. “ *En Romanus rerum dominos* † ! ” Behold the masters of the world begging from door to door ! This particular humble way of greatness is now out of fashion ; but yet every ambitious person is still in some sort a Roman candidate. He must feast and bribe,

* *Virg. Georg. i. 514.* † *Virg. Æn. i. 282.*

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and attend and flatter, and adore many beasts, though not the beast with many heads. Catiline, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than Sylla's, was yet so humble, for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants; to be a public bawd, to provide whores, and something worse, for all the young gentlemen of Rome, whose hot lusts and courages, and heads, he thought he might make use of. And, since I happen here to propose Catiline for my instance (though there be thousand of examples for the same thing), give me leave to transcribe the character which Cicero * gives of this noble slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which Machiavel perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions :

“ This man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and strokes, that looked like the beauty of great virtues; his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seemed to be an admirer and lover of the best; he was furnished with all the nets of lust and luxury, and yet wanted not the arms of labour and industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any monster of nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable persons; who more a favourite to the most infamous? who, sometimes, appeared a braver cham-

* Orat. pro M. Cælio.

pion; who, at other times, a bolder enemy to his country? who more dissolute in his pleasures; who more patient in his toils? who more rapacious in robbing; who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, the arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money, and his interest, and his industry; and, if need were, not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own nature and lavec with every wind; to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature—as he had made a collection of friendships with all the most wicked and restless of all nations; so, by the artificial simulation of some virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity. Neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of so many vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities.”

I see, methinks, the character of an Anti-Paul, “who became all things to all men,” that he might destroy all; who only wanted the assistance of fortune, to have been as great as his friend Cæsar was a little

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after him. And the ways of Cæsar to compass the same ends (I mean till the civil war, which was but another manner of setting his countrey on fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterward his unjust dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. Sallust therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such-like gentlemen of his time, says *, “that it is the nature of ambition, to make men lyars and cheaters; to hide the truth in their breasts, and shew, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths: to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own interest; and to make a good countenance without the help of a good will.” And can there be freedom with this perpetual constraint? what is it but a kind of rack, that forces men to say what they have no mind to?

I have wondered at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of Zopirus, and more at the praises which I find of so deformed an action; who, though he was one of the seven grandees of Persia, and the son of Megabices, who had freed before his countrey from an ignoble servitude, slit his own nose and lips, cut off his own ears, scourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by Darius, be received into Babylon (then besieged by the Persians), and get into the command of it by the recommendation of so cruel a suffer-

* De Bell. Catil. c. x.

ance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians suspected not his falsehood, that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the design succeeded; he betrayed the city, and was made governor of it. What brutish master ever punished his offending slave with so little mercy, as ambition did this Zopirus? and yet how many are there, in all nations, who imitate him, in some degree, for a less reward; who, though they endure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment or some honour (as they call it), yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatized! But you may say, though these be the most ordinary and open ways to greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden paths too, through which some men find a passage by virtuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then, that industry must be such, as cannot consist with liberty, though it may with honesty.

Thou art careful, frugal, painful; we commend a servant so, but not a friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this ascent; but we are epicures and lords when once we are gotten up into the high places. This is but a short apprenticeship, after which we are made free of a royal company. If we fall in love with any beauteous woman, we must be content that they should be our mistresses

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whilst we woo them; as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, it is we shall be the masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of greatness: we enter into the bonds of it, like those of matrimony; we are bewitched with the outward and painted beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know its true nature and interior inconveniences. A great fortune (says Seneca) is a great servitude; but many are of that opinion which Brutus imputes (I hope, untruly *) even to that patron of liberty, his friend Cicero: "We fear (says he to Atticus) death, and banishment, and poverty, a great deal too much. Cicero, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils; and, if he have but some persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable in so base and contumelious a condition." This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest commonwealth. But with us generally, no condition passes for servitude, that is accompanied with great riches, with honours, and with the service of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium; for if a groom serve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that

* This parenthesis does honour to the writer's sense, as well as candour. HURD.

lord a prince; the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, are as much servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the one's getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsic to this matter, than the difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy livery. I do not say, that he who sells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will swear, they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he was born. But this dependance upon superiors is but one chain of the lovers of power:

Amatorem trecentæ

Pirithoum cohibent catenæ *.

Let us begin with him by break of day: for by that time he is besieged by two or three hundred suitors; and the hall and antichambers (all the out-works) possessed by the enemy: as soon as his chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the guards, for entrance. This is so essential a part of greatness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a fallen favourite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he pleases all the morning. There are some who, rather than want this, are contented to have their rooms filled up every day with murmuring and cursing creditors, and to charge bravely through a bo-

* Her. 3 Od. iv. 79.

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dy of them to get to their coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the great man, or the great man's, who waits every day to speak with all company.

Aliena negotia centum

Per caput, & circa saliant latus * —

a hundred businesses of other men (many unjust, and most impertinent) fly continually about his head and ears, and strike him in the face like Dorres. Let us contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory, and that is his table. Here he seems to be the lord of all nature: the earth affords him her best metals for his dishes, her best vegetables and animals for his food; the air and sea supply him with their choicest birds and fishes; and a great many men, who look like masters, attend upon him; and yet, when all this is done, even all this is but *table d'hôte*; it is crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many parasites and some spies, with the most burdensome sort of guests, the endeavourers to be witty.

But every body pays him great respect; every body commends his meat, that is, his money; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook; every body loves his hospitality, that is, his vanity. But I desire to know why the honest inn-keeper, who provides a public table for his profit, should be but of a mean pro-

* Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 34.

fession;

cession; and he, who does it for his honour, a munificent prince. You will say, because one sells, and the other gives: nay, both sell, though for different things; the one for plain money, the other for I know not what jewels, whose value is in custom and in fancy. If then his table be made "a snare" (as the Scripture* speaks) "to his liberty," where can he hope for freedom? There is always, and every where, some restraint upon him. He is guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door; and, if the person be *pan super sebastus*, there is a hyper-superlative ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the very gate: as if there were such rules set to these Leviathans, as are to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further †."

Perditur hæc inter misero lux ‡,

Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent letters and visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently! He never sets his foot beyond his threshold, unless, like a funeral, he have a train to follow him; as if, like the dead corpse, he could not stir, till the bearers were all ready. "My life (says Horace, speaking to one of these magnificos) is a great deal more easy and

* Ps. lxi. 22.

† Job xxxviii. 11.

‡ Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 59.

commodious than thine, in that I can go into the market, and cheapen what I please, without being wondered at; and take my horse and ride as far as Tarentum, without being missed." It is an unpleasant constraint to be always under the sight and observation, and censure, of others; as there may be vanity in it, so methinks there should be vexation, too, of spirit: and I wonder how princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of domestic servants; but even this too, if weighed sericully, is a piece of servitude; unless you will be a servant to them (as many men are), the trouble and care of yours in the government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the profession of a school-master to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a commonwealth; yet certainly all his fasces and tyrannical authority over so many boys takes away his own liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of greatness: I shake but a few of their outward chains; their anger, hatred, jealousy, fear, envy, grief, and all the *et cætera* of their passions, which are the secret, but constant, tyrants and torturers of their life, I omit here, because, though they be symptoms most frequent and violent in this disease,

yet

yet they are common too in some degree to the epidemical disease of life itself.

But the ambitious man, though he be so many ways a slave (*o toties servus!*) yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the stage; he thinks himself a real prince in his masking-habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his spectators: he is a slave *in saturnaliis*. The covetous man is a downright servant, a draught-horse without bells or feathers: *ad metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows not whom: "He heapeth up riches, and "knows not who shall enjoy them *;" it is only sure, that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent, needy slave; he will hardly allow himself cloaths and board-wages:

Unciatim vix de demenso suo,

Suum defraudans genium, comparfit miser †;

He defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every man's sight, as well as judgment.

It seems a more difficult work to prove that the voluptuous man too is but a servant: what can be more the life of a freeman, or, as we say ordinarily, of a gen-

* Pf. xxxix. 6.

† Phorm. Act I. Sc. i. ver. 43.

tleman,

tleman, than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I will tell you who is that true freeman, and that true gentleman; not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of *follower* is servile); but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindered by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet, in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his man, than he my horse. The voluptuous men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the lustful and luxurious, who are both servants of the belly; the other, whom we spoke of before, the ambitious and the covetous, were κακὰ θηρίαγ, *evil wild beasts*; these are γαστέρες ἀργαί, *slow bellies*, as our translation renders it, but the word ἀργαί (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of *quick* or *diligent bellies*; and both interpretations may be applied to these men. Metrodorus said, “that he had learnt “ἀληθῶς γαστρί χαρίζεσθαι, to give his belly just thanks “for all his pleasures.” This, by the calumniators of Epicurus’s philosophy, was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my charitable understanding, may admit a very virtuous sense, which is, that he thanked his own belly for that moderation, in the customary appetites of it, which can only give a man liberty and happiness in this world. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great triumviri of the world; the covetous man, who is a
mean

mean villain, like Lepidus; the ambitious, who is a brave one, like Octavius; and the voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like Mark Antony:

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus:*

Not Oenomaus †, who commits himself wholly to a charioteer, that may break his neck; but the man,

Who governs his own course with steady hand;
 Who does himself with sovereign power command;
 Whom neither death nor poverty does fright;
 Who stands not awkwardly in his own light
 Against the truth; who can, when pleasures knock
 Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock;
 Who can, though honour at his gate should stay
 In all her masking cloaths, send her away,
 And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

}

This, I confess, is a freeman: but it may be said, that many persons are so shackled by their fortune, that they are hindered from enjoyment of that manumission which they have obtained from virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel, the weight of this objection: all I can answer to it is, that we must get as much liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavours, and, when all that is done, be contented with the length of that line which is allowed us. If you ask me, in what condition of life I think the most allowed; I should pitch upon that sort of people, whom King

* Hor. 2 Sat. vii. 83.

† Virg. Georg. iii. 7.

James was wont to call the happiest of our nation, the men placed in the country by their fortune above an high constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a justice of peace; in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many relations; and with so much knowledge and love of piety and philosophy (that is, of the study of God's laws, and of his creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle, though without business; and never to be melancholy, though without sin or vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious discourse with a prayer of mine in a copy of Latin verses, of which I remember no other part; and, (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other verses upon the same subject:

“Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
 “Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultrà
 “Sollicitas effundo preces: si quid datur ultrà,
 “Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo.”

For the few hours of life allotted me,
 Give me (great God!) but bread and liberty,
 I'll beg no more: if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
 I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
 If beyond this no more be freely sent,
 I'll thank for this, and go away content.

MARTIAL, Lib. I. Ep. lvi.

“Vota tui breviter,” &c.

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
 The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend.
 He does not palaces nor manors crave,
 Would Be no lord, but less a lord would Have;
 The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
 He quarrels not with Heaven because 'tis small:
 Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,
 He loves of homely littleness the ease.
 Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
 And his dear hours in humble visits spend,
 When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
 With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
 If there be man (ye gods!) I ought to hate,
 Dependance and attendance be his fate;
 Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
 And very much a slave, and very proud:
 Thus he perhaps powerful and rich may grow;
 No matter, O ye gods! that I'll allow:
 But let him peace and freedom never see;
 Let him not love this life, who loves not me!

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Ep. liii.

“Vis fieri liber?” &c.

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say;
 Come on; I'll shew thee, friend, the certain way;

If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
 While bounteous God does bread at home bestow ;
 If thou the goodness of thy cloaths dost prize
 By thine own use, and not by others' eyes ;
 If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
 In a small house, but a convenient shell ;
 If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
 Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish ;
 If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
 The Persian king 's a slave compar'd with thee.

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Ep. lxviii.

“ Quod te nomine ? ” &c.

THAT I do you with humble bows no more,
 And danger of my naked head, adore ;
 That I, who “ Lord and master,” cry'd erewhile,
 Salute you, in a new and different style,
 By your own name, a scandal to you now ;
 Think not that I forget myself or you :
 By loss of all things, by all others fought,
 This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.
 A lord and master no man wants, but he
 Who o'er himself has no authority ;
 Who does for honours and for riches strive,
 And follies, without which lords cannot live.
 If thou from fortune dost no servant crave,
 Believe it, thou no master need'st to have.

O D E.

U P O N L I B E R T Y.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her feat;
Her proper place, her only scene,
Is in the golden mean,
She lives not with the poor nor with the great.
The wings of those Necessity has clipt,
And they 're in Fortune's bridewell whipt
To the laborious task of bread;
These are by various tyrants captive led.
Now wild Ambition with imperious force
Rides, reins, and spurs, them, like th' unruly horse;
And servile Avarice yokes them now,
Like toilsome oxen, to the plough;
And sometimes Lust, like the misguided light,
Draws them through all the labyrinths of night.
If any few among the great there be
From these insulting passions free,
Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see
By custom, business, crowds, and formal decency;
And, wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
Impertinencies round them flow:
These are the small uneasy things
Which about greatness still are found,
And rather it molest than wound:

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Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings ;
But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings :
As, when the honey does too open lie,

 A thousand wasps about it fly :
Nor will the master ev'n to share admit ;
The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

'Tis morning ; well ; I fain would yet sleep on ;
 You cannot now ; you must be gone
 To court, or to the noisy hall :

Besides, the rooms without are crowded all ;
 The stream of business does begin,
And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah cruel guards, which this poor prisoner keep !
 Will they not suffer him to sleep ?

Make an escape ; out at the postern flee,
And get some blessed hours of liberty :
With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine,
 And much of mirth and moderate wine.

To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
 Has such a freedom always given !

Why, mighty madman, what should hinder thee
 From being every day as free ?

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a spirit so mean and fordid bear,
As to exchange his native liberty
Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,

When, and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,
For a more plentiful or constant food.
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,
Or the false forest of a well-hung room,
For honour and preferment, come.
Now, blessings on you all, ye heroic race,
Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,
Though men and angels fell.
Of all material lives the highest place
To you is justly given;
And ways and walks the nearest heaven.
Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boast, that we look up to it.
Ev'n to the universal tyrant, Love,
You homage pay but once a year:
None so degenerate and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear;
None, but a few unhappy household fowl,
Whom human lordship does control;
Who from their birth corrupted were
By bondage, and by man's example here.

He's no small prince, who every day
Thus to himself can say;
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk;
This I will do, here I will stay,
Or, if my fancy call me away,

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My man and I will presently go ride
 (For we, before, have nothing to provide,
 Nor, after, are to render an account)
 To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish mount.

 If thou but a short journey take,
 As if thy last thou wert to make,
 Business must be dispatch'd, ere thou canst part,
 Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
 A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,
 And many a mule, and many a cart;
 What an unwieldy man thou art!
 The Rhodian Colossus so
 A journey, too, might go.

Where honour, or where conscience, does not bind,
 Nor other law shall shackle me;
 Slave to myself I will not be,
 Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
 By my own present mind.
 Who by resolves and vows engag'd does stand
 For days, that yet belong to Fate,
 Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate,
 Before it falls into his hand:
 'The bondman of the cloister so,
 All that he does receive, does always owe;
 And still, as time comes in, it goes away
 Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
 Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell,
 Which his hours-work, as well as hours, does tell!
 Unhappy, till the last, the kind releasing knell.

If

If life should a well-order'd poem be
 (In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the best delight),
The more heroic strain let others take,
 Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;
The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free.
It shall not keep one settled pace of time,
In the same tune it shall not always chime,
Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme;
A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall manage all without offence
Or to the sweetness of the sound, or greatness of the
 sense;
Nor shall it never from one subject start,
 Nor seek transitions to depart,
Nor its set way o'er files and bridges make,
 Nor thorough lanes a compass take,
As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
 When the wide air 's a road for it.
So the imperial eagle does not stay
 Till the whole carcase he devour,
 That 's fallen into its power:
As if his generous hunger understood
That he can never want plenty of food,
 He only sucks the tasteful blood;
And to fresh game flies chearfully away;
To kites, and meaner birds, he leaves the mangled
 prey.

II.
OF SOLITUDE.

“**N**UNQUAM minus solus, quam cum solus.”
 is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and almost every boy, for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without question a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and the greatest of all mankind. His meaning, no doubt, was this, that he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it, by solitude than by company; and, to shew that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house, in the middle of a wood, near Linternum*, passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration; and, among other things, describes his baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, “Poor Scipio understood not how to live.” What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal, if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest

* Seneca Epist. lxxxvi.

prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montagne, " 'T hat ambition itself might teach us " to love solitude ; there is nothing does so much hate " to have companions." It is true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side ; but it delights above all things in a train behind, aye, and ushers too before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that if they chance at any time to be without company, they are like a becalmed ship ; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature, that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate and burthenfome to them. " *Tecum vivere* " *amem, tecum obeam lubens,*" they would live and die with her alone.

" *Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,*

" *Quà nulla humano fit via trita pede.*

" *Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ*

" *Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis *.*"

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,

Where never human foot the ground has prest.

Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,

And from a desert banish solitude.

* 4 Tibull. xiii. 9.

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And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind, as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour * :

“Odi, & amo : quare id faciam fortasse requiris.
“Nescio ; sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.”

I hate, and yet I love thee too ;
How can that be ? I know not how ;
Only that so it is I know ;
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone ; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding ; so that solitude can be well fitted, and fit right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity ; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair, than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, in the midst of company ; but, like robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us,

* De amore suo, lxxxiii.

when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sowed into a bag, with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The first work therefore that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is, the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well-speaking, depends upon much practice; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a God from a wild beast. Now, because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve, without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

“O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis * !”

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise !

The first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man has in private: if the one

* “O vita, misero longa, felici brevis !”

have

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have little leifure to be alone, the other has lefs leifure to be in company ; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature, under his confideration. There is no faying fhocks me fo much as that which I hear very often, " That a man does not know how to pafs his time." It would have been but ill-fpoken by Methufalem in the nine hundred fixty-ninth year of his life ; fo far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmoft perfection of any part of any fcience, to have caufe to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you will fay, is work only for the learned ; others are not capable either of the employments or divertifements that arrive from letters. I know they are not ; and therefore cannot much recommend folitude to a man totally illiterate. But, if any man be fo unlearned, as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental folitude, which frequently occur in almoft all conditions (except the very meanef of the people, who have bufinefs enough in the neceffary provifions for life), it is truly a great fhame both to his parents and himfelf ; for a very fmall portion of any ingenious art will ftop up all thofe gaps of our time : either mufic, or painting, or defigning, or chemiftry, or hiftory, or gardening, or twenty other things, will do it ufefully and pleafantly ; and, if he happen to fet his affections upon poetry (which I do not advife him too immoderately), that will over-do it ; no wood will be thick enough to

hide

hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

“ — O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
“ Siftat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ * ? ”

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good !
Hail, ye plebeian under-wood !
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay, with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat !
Ye country-houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect;
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

* Virg. Georg. ii. 489.

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A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
 Gilt with the sun-beams here and there;
 On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear
 How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched and too solitary he,
 Who loves not his own company !
 He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
 Unless he call in sin or vanity
 To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of human-kind !
 Which blest remain'd, till man did find
 Ev'n his own helper's company.
 As soon as two, alas ! together join'd,
 The serpent made up three.

Tho' God himself, through countless ages, thee
 His sole companion chose to be,
 Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
 Before the branchy head of number's tree
 Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (tho' men think thine an unactive part)
 Dost break and time th' unruly heart,
 Which else would know no settled pace,
 Making it move, well-manag'd by thy art,
 With swiftness and with grace.

Thou

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
 Dost, like a burning-glass, unite;
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
 And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see
 The monster London laugh at me;
 I should at thee too, foolish city!
 If it were fit to laugh at misery;
 But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,
 A solitude almost.

 III.

OF OBSCURITY.

“**N**AM neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;
 “Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefel-
 “lit*.”

God made not pleasures only for the rich;
 Nor have those men without their share too liv'd,
 Who both in life and death the world deceiv'd.

* Hor. 1 Ep. xvii. 9.

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This seems a strange sentence, thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of business (for who else can deceive the world ?) ; whereas it is in commendation of those who live and die so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of them. This Horace calls deceiving the world ; and in another place uses the same phrase *,

“ — Secretum iter & fallentis femita vitæ.”

The secret tracts of the deceiving life.

It is very elegant in Latin, but our English word will hardly bear up to that sense ; and therefore Mr. Broom translates it very well —

Or from a life, led, as it were, by stealth.

Yet we say in our language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived ; and we may say well enough, out of the same author †,

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine, we strive
The cares of life and troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says ‡, “ vitam fallere,” to draw on still, and amuse, and deceive, our life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal period, and fall into that pit which nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, “ Bene qui latuit, bene vixit,” He has lived

* Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 103.

† 2 Sat. vii. 114.

‡ Declam. de Apib.

well, who has lain well hidden ; which, if it be a truth, the world (I will swear) is sufficiently deceived : for my part, I think it is, and that the pleasanter condition of life is *in incognito*. What a brave privilege is it, to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies ! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know any body. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself,

A vail of thicken'd air around them cast,

That none might know, or see them, as they pass'd *.

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed, " This is that Demosthenes," is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any) ; but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good-fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him ; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is,

* Virg. Æn. i. 415.

lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship, than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good-fame, because it is
the

the shadow of virtue: not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man, whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniencies of old-age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit): this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "*muta persona*," I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

SENECA, ex Thyeste, Act II. Chor.

“ Stet, quicumque volet potens,” &c.

Upon the slippery tops of human state,
 The gilded pinnacles of fate,
 Let others proudly stand, and, for a while
 The giddy danger to beguile,
 With joy, and with disdain, look down on all,
 Till their heads turn, and down they fall.
 Me, O ye gods, on earth, or else so near
 That I no fall to earth may fear,
 And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat
 From the long ruins of the great.
 Here, wrapt in th’ arms of quiet let me lie;
 Quiet, companion of obscurity!
 Here let my life with as much silence slide,
 As time, that measures it, does glide.
 Nor let the breath of infamy, or fame,
 From town to town echo about my name.
 Nor let my homely death embroider’d be
 With scutcheon or with elegy.
 An old plebeian let me die,
 Alas! all then are such as well as I.
 To him, alas, to him, I fear,
 The face of death will terrible appear;
 Who, in his life flattering his senseless pride,
 By being known to all the world beside,
 Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
 Nor what he is, nor whither he ’s to go.

IV.

OF AGRICULTURE.

THE first wish of Virgil (as you will find anon by his verses) was to be a good philosopher; the second, a good husbandman: and God (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him, just as he did with Solomon; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else, which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers, and best husbandmen; and, to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best poet: he made him, besides all this, a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer—

“O fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit!”

To be a husbandman, is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's.

But, since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility, of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make, are the employments of a country life. It is, as Columella * calls it, “Res sine dubitatione

* Lib. I. c. i.

“proxima, & quasi consanguinea sapientiæ,” the nearest neighbour, or rather next in kindred, to philosophy. Varro says, the principles of it are the same which Ennius made to be the principles of all nature, Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of philosophy, than any one profession, art, or science, in the world besides: and therefore Cicero says *, the pleasures of a husbandman, “mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere,” come very nigh to those of a philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist: The utility of it to a man’s self; the usefulness, or rather necessity, of it to all the rest of mankind; the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity.

The Utility (I mean plainly the lucre of it) is not so great, now in our nation, as arises from merchandize and the trading of the city, from whence many of the best estates and chief honours of the kingdom are derived: we have no men now fetched from the plough to be made lords, as they were in Rome to be made consuls and dictators; the reason of which I conceive to be from an evil custom, now grown as strong among us as if it were a law, which is, that no men put their children to be bred-up apprentices in agriculture, as in other trades, but such who are so poor, that, when they come to be men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of ground,

* De Senect.

the rent of which devours all but the bare subsistence of the tenant: whilst they who are proprietors of the land are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of education, too ignorant, to improve their estates, though the means of doing it be as easy and certain in this, as in any other track of commerce. If there were always two or three thousand youths, for seven or eight years, bound to this profession, that they might learn the whole art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be masters in it, by a moderate stock; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many aldermen's estates made in the country, as now we do out of all kind of merchandizing in the city. There are as many ways to be rich, and, which is better, there is no possibility to be poor, without such negligence as can neither have excuse nor pity; for a little ground will without question feed a little family, and the superfluities of life (which are now in some cases by custom made almost necessary) must be supplied out of the superabundance of art and industry, or contemned by as great a degree of philosophy.

As for the Necessity of this art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like speech, without which the society of men cannot be preserved: the others like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this: not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live; and almost all the other arts, which are here practised, are beholden to this for most of their materials.

The

The Innocence of this life is the next thing for which I commend it; and if husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by industry from the earth; and others, by what they can catch by craft from men. They live upon an estate given them by their mother; and others, upon an estate cheated from their brethren. They live, like sheep and kine, by the allowances of nature; and others, like wolves and foxes, by the acquisitions of rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the great) that sheep and kine are very useful, and that wolves and foxes are pernicious creatures. They are, without dispute, of all men the most quiet, and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the commonwealth: their manner of life inclines them, and interest binds them, to love peace: in our late mad and miserable civil wars, all other trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole troops, and raised up some great commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done: but I do not remember the name of any one husbandman, who had so considerable a share in the twenty years ruin of his country, as to deserve the curses of his countrymen.

And if great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men, not to take them here, where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy: we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice: our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects; which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleasure looks, methinks, like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here is harmless and cheap plenty; there guilty and expenceful luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding: to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beauteous creatures of his own industry; and to see, like God, that all his works are good:

“—Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; ipsi

“Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus *.”

On his heart-strings a secret joy does strike.

The Antiquity of his art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the world,

* Virg. *Æn.* i. 504, &c.

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were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession, and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus * forbids us to hate husbandry; "because," says he, "the Most High has created it." We are all born to this art, and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their subsistence.

Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk of what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread eagles, in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but, if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of Columella, how it should come to pass that all arts or sciences (for the dispute, which is an art, and which a science, does not belong to the curiosity of us husbandmen) metaphysick, physick, morality, mathematicks, logick, rhetorick, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties (except only metaphysick, which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cookery, carving, and such-like vanities should all have public schools and masters; and yet

* Chap. vii. 15.

that we should never see or hear of any man, who took upon him the profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary art.

A man would think, when he is in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational, and ridiculous thing for a great company of men and women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred several postures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore dancing was invented first, and only practised anciently, in the ceremonies of the heathen religion, which consisted all in mommery and madness; the latter being the chief glory of the worship, and accounted divine inspiration: this, I say, a severe man would think; though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part, now, of good-breeding. And yet, who is there among our gentry, that does not entertain a dancing-master for his children, as soon as they are able to walk? But, did ever any father provide a tutor for his son, to instruct him betimes in the nature and improvements of that land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a defect, in our manner of education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one college in each university were erected, and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to medicine and the civil law: there would be no need of making a body of scholars and fellows, with certain endowments, as in other colleges; it would suffice, if, after the manner of halls in Oxford, there were only four professors constituted

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constituted (for it would be too much work for only one master, or principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it: First, Aration, and all things relating to it. Secondly, Pasturage. Thirdly, Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, and Woods. Fourthly, all parts of Rural Oeconomy; which would contain the government of Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c. and all that which Varro calls "*villaticas passiones*," together with the sports of the field (which ought to be looked upon not only as pleasures, but as parts of house-keeping), and the domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry abroad. The business of these professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other arts, only to read pompous and superficial lectures, out of Virgil's *Georgics*, Pliny, Varro, or Columella; but to instruct their pupils in the whole method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of scholars, upon a moderate taxation for their diet, lodging, and learning, would be a sufficient constant revenue for maintenance of the house and the professors, who should be men not chosen for the ostentation of critical literature, but for solid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach; such men, so industrious and public-spirited, as I conceive Mr. Hartlib * to

* A gentleman, of whom it may be enough to say, that he had the honour to live in the friendship of Mede and Milton. The former of these great men addressed some letters to him, and the latter, his "*Treatise on Education*." HURD.

be, if the gentleman be yet alive: but it is needless to speak further of my thoughts of this design, unless the present disposition of the age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the country life, shall be borrowed from the poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the shepherds.

“ Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine Musas

“ Ducit & immemores non finit esse sui *.”

The Muses still love their own native place;

'T has secret charms, which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to dance in a crowd, as to make good verses in the midst of noise and tumult.

As well might corn, as verse, in cities grow;

In vain the thankless glebe we plow and sow:

Against th' unnatural soil in vain we strive;

'Tis not a ground, in which these plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the nettles or thorns of satire, which grow most naturally in the worst earth; and therefore almost all poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering of

* Ovid. 1 Ep. ex Pont. iii. 35.

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them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the grand world,

— pariter vitisſque jocisſque

Altius humanis exeruere caput *,

into the innocent happineſs of a retired life; but have commended and adorned nothing ſo much by their ever-living poems. Heſiod was the firſt or ſecond poet in the world that remains yet extant (if Homer, as ſome think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were contemporaries); and he is the firſt writer too of the art of huſbandry: “ he has contributed (ſays Columella) not a little to our profeſſion;” I ſuppoſe, he means not a little honour, for the matter of his inſtructions is not very important; his great antiquity is viſible through the gravity and ſimplicity of his ſtile. The moſt acute of all his ſayings concerns our purpoſe very much, and is couched in the reverend obſcurity of an oracle. Πλέον ἡμιſυ πάντης, The half is more than the whole. The occaſion of the ſpeech is this; his brother Perſeus had, by corrupting ſome great men, (βασιλείας δωροφάγους, great bribe-eaters he calls them, gotten from him the half of his eſtate. It is no matter (ſays he); they have not done me ſo much prejudice as they imagine :

Νήπιοι, ἐδ’ ἴσαſιν, κ. τ. λ.

Unhappy they, to whom God has not reveal’d,
By a ſtrong light which muſt their ſenſe controle,
That half a great eſtate ’s more than the whole :

* Ovid. Faſt. i. 300.

Unhappy,

Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
Of roots and herbs the wholesome luxury.

This I conceive to have been honest Hesiod's meaning. From Homer we must not expect much concerning our affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the country, nor enjoy the pleasures of it; his helpless poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the richest places; he was to delight the Grecians with fine tales of the wars, and adventures of their ancestors; his subject removed him from all commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to shew his good-will a little. For, though he could do us no honour in the person of his hero Ulysses (much less of Achilles), because his whole time was consumed in wars and voyages; yet he makes his father Laertes a gardener all that while, and seeking his consolation for the absence of his son in the pleasure of planting and even dunging his own grounds. Ye see he did not contemn us peasants; nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always styles Eumæus, who kept the hogs, with wonderful respect, *δῖον ὑπόβοτον*, the divine swineherd: he could have done no more for Menelaus or Agamemnon. And Theocritus (a very ancient poet, but he was one of our own tribe, for he wrote nothing but pastorals) gave the same epithet to an husbandman,

— ἀμειβετο δῖος ἀγρότης *

* Idyll. xxv. ver. 51.

The divine husbandman replied to Hercules, who was but *δῖος*, himself. These were civil Greeks, and who understood the dignity of our calling ! Among the Romans we have, in the first place, our truly-divine Virgil, who, though by the favour of Mæcenas and Augustus he might have been one of the chief men of Rome, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the exercise, and much of his immortal wit in the praise and instructions, of a rustic life ; who, though he had written before whole books of pastorals and georgics, could not abstain in his great and imperial poem from describing Evander, one of his best princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary countryman. He seats him in a throne of maple, and lays him but upon a bear's-skin ; the kine and oxen ate lowing in his court-yard ; the birds under the eaves of his window call him up in the morning ; and when he goes abroad, only two dogs go along with him for his guard : at last, when he brings Æneas into his royal cottage, he makes him say this memorable compliment, greater than ever yet was spoken at the Escurial, the Louvre, or our Whitehall :

—— “ Hæc (inquit) limina victor
 “ Alcides subiit, hæc illum regia cepit :
 “ Aude, hospes, contemnere opes : & te quoque dig-
 “ num
 “ Finge Deo rebúsque veni non asper egenis *.”

* Virg. *Æn.* viii. 365.

This

This humble roof, this rustic court (said he)
Receiv'd Alcides, crown'd with victory :
Scorn not, great guest, the steps where he has trod ;
But condemn wealth, and imitate a God.

The next man, whom we are much obliged to, both for his doctrine and example, is the next best poet in the world to Virgil, his dear friend Horace ; who, when Augustus had desired Mæcenæ to persuade him to come and live domestically and at the same table with him, and to be secretary of state of the whole world under him, or rather jointly with him, for he says, "*ut nos in epistolis scribendis adjuvet,*" could not be tempted to forsake his Sabin, or Tiburtin manor, for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an example as this in the world, that he should have so much moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such greatness, and the emperor so much generosity and goodness as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the passages of this excellent author upon the several subjects which I treat of in this book, I must be obliged to translate half his works ; of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of Homer ;

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid
non,

Planius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit *.

I shall content myself upon this particular theme with three only, one out of his Odes, the other out of his Satires, the third out of his Epistles; and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in Martial's. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful pencil upon the beauties of a face that has been drawn before by so many great masters; especially, that I should dare to do it in Latin verses (though of another kind), and have the confidence to translate them. I can only say that I love the matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

A Translation out of VIRGIL.

Georg. Lib. II. 458.

OH happy (if his happiness he knows)
The country swain, on whom kind Heaven bestows
At home all riches, that wise nature needs;
Whom the just earth with easy plenty feeds.

* 1 Ep. ii. 3.

'Tis true, no morning tide of clients comes,
And fills the painted channels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich figures, as they pass,
In tapestry wrought, or cut in living brass;
Nor is his wool superfluously dy'd
With the dear poison of Assyrian pride:
Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil
The native use and sweetness of his oil.
Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
Free from th' alarms of fear, and storms of strife,
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace cover him round:
Through artless grotts the murmuring waters glide;
Thick trees both against heat and cold provide,
From whence the birds salute him; and his ground
With lowing herds and bleating sheep does sound;
And all the rivers, and the forests nigh,
Both food and game, and exercise, supply.
Here a well-harden'd, active youth we see,
Taught the great art of chearful poverty.
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of love, both human and divine;
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
Still her last footsteps upon earth appear.
'Tis true, the first desire, which does control
All the inferior wheels that move my soul,
Is, that the Muse me her high-priest would make,
Into her holiest scenes of mystery take,
And open there, to my mind's purged eye,
Those wonders, which to sense the gods deny:

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How in the moon such change of shapes is found,
 The moon, the changing world's eternal bound ;
 What shakes the solid earth, what strong disease
 Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease ;
 What makes the sea retreat, and what advance
 " (Varieties too regular for chance) ;"
 What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
 And stops the lazy waggon of the night.
 But, if my dull and frozen blood deny
 To send forth spirits, that raise a soul so high,
 In the next place, let woods and rivers be
 My quiet, though inglorious, destiny.
 In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid ;
 Cover me, gods, with Tempe's thickest shade.
 Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy, he,
 Who can through gross effects their causes see :
 Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things ;
 But does his walk of virtue calmly go
 Through all th' alarms of death and hell below.
 Happy ! but, next such conquerors, happy they,
 Whose humble life lies not in fortune's way.
 They unconcern'd, from their safe distant seat,
 Behold the rods and sceptres of the great ;
 The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
 And the descent of foreign troops, they hear ;
 Nor can ev'n Rome their steady course misguide,
 With all the lustre of her perishing pride.
 Them never yet did strife or avarice draw
 Into the noisy markets of the law,

The camps of gowned war; nor do they live
By rules or forms, that many madmen give.
Duty for nature's bounty they repay,
And her sole laws religiously obey.

Some with bold labour plow the faithless main,
Some rougher storms in princes' courts sustain:
Some swell up their slight sails with popular fame,
Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name:
Some their vain wealth to earth again commit;
With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit:
Country and friends are by some wretches sold,
To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold;
No price too high for profit can be shown;
Not brothers' blood, nor hazards of their own:
Around the world in search of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their antipodes their home;
Meanwhile, the prudent husbandman is found,
In mutual duties striving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertile month does some new gifts present,
And with new work his industry content.
This the young lamb, that the soft fleece, doth yield;
This loads with hay, and that with corn, the field;
All sorts of fruit crown the rich autumn's pride:
And on a swelling hill's warm stony side,
The powerful princely purple of the vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled sun, does shine.
In th' evening to a fair ensuing day,
With joy he sees his flocks and kids to play:

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And loaded kine about his cottage stand,
 Inviting with known sound the milker's hand;
 And when from wholesome labour he doth come,
 With wishes to be there, and wish'd-for home,
 He meets at door the softest human blisses,
 His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's kisses.
 When any rural holidays invite
 His genius forth to innocent delight,
 On earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,
 Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,
 He sings thee, Bacchus, patron of the vine;
 The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,
 Not to the loss of reason, or of strength:
 'To active games and manly sport, at length,
 Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see
 Who can the best at better trials be.
 From such the old Hettrurian virtue rose;
 Such was the life the prudent Sabins chose:
 Such, Remus, and the god, his brother, led;
 From such firm-footing Rome grew the world's head.
 Such was the life that, ev'n till now, does raise
 The honour of poor Saturn's golden days:
 Before men, born of earth, and buried there,
 Let-in the sea their mortal fate to share:
 Before new ways of perishing were sought;
 Before unskilful death on anvils wrought;
 Before those beasts, which human life sustain,
 By men, unless to the gods use, were slain.

HOR.

HOR. Epod. Ode II.

HAPPY the man, whom bounteous gods allow
With his own hands paternal grounds to plough !
Like the first golden mortals happy, he,
From business and the cares of money free !
No human storms break off at land his sleep ;
No loud alarms of nature, on the deep :
From all the cheats of law he lives secure,
Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.
Sometimes, the beauteous, marriageable vine
He to the lusty bridegroom elm does join ;
Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound ;
Sometimes he shears his flock, and sometimes he
Stores up the golden treasures of the bee.
He sees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
Whilst neighbouring hills lowe back to them again ;
And, when the season, rich as well as gay,
All her autumnal bounty does display,
How is he pleas'd th' increasing use to see
Of his well-trusted labours bend the tree !
Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days,
He gives to friends, and to the gods repays.
With how much joy does he, beneath some shade
By aged trees' reverend embraces made,
His careless head on the fresh green recline,
His head uncharg'd with fear or with design.
By him a river constantly complains,
The birds above rejoice with various strains,

And

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And in the solemn scene their orgies keep,
Like dreams, mix'd with the gravity of sleep;
Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,
And nought within against it shuts the gate.

Nor does the roughest season of the sky,
Or sullen Jove, all sports to him deny.
He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a toil the foaming boar;
Here flies the hawk t' assault, and there the net
To intercept, the travailing fowl, is set;
And all his malice, all his craft, is shown
In innocent wars on beasts and birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee, the great one, tyrant Love, from thee;
And, if a chaste and clean, though homely, wife
Be added to the blessings of this life,—
Such as the ancient sun-burnt Sabins were,
Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear,—
Who makes her children and the house her care,
And joyfully the work of life does share,
Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine
To pin the sheepfold or to milch the kine;
Who waits at door against her husband come
From rural duties, late and wearied, home,
Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
A chearful fire, and a more chearful face;
And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
And with domestic plenty loads the board;

Not

Not all the lustful shell-fish of the sea,
Dress'd by the wanton hand of luxury,
Not ortolans, nor godwits, nor the rest
Of costly names that glorify a feast,
Are at the princely tables better chear,
Than lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Paraphrase upon HORACE, Book II. Sat. vi.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Close to plough'd ground, seated commodiously,
His ancient and hereditary house,
There dwelt a good substantial country mouse ;
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet one who once did nobly entertain
A city mouse, well-coated, sleek, and gay,
A mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted, there,
For a day's lodging : the good hearty host
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)
Did all the stores produce, that might excite,
With various tastes, the courtier's appetite.

Fitches and beans, peason and oats, and wheat,
 And a large chesnut, the delicious meat
 Which Jove himself, were he a mouse, would eat.
 And, for a *haut goust*, there was mixt with these
 The swerd of bacon, and the coat of cheese:
 The precious reliques which, at harvest, he
 Had gather'd from the reaper's luxury.
 Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare,
 The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.
 And thus at ease, on beds of straw, they lay,
 And to their genius sacrific'd the day:
 Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind,
 (Though breeding made him civil seem and kind)
 Despis'd this country feast; and still his thought
 Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
 Your bounty and civility (said he),
 Which I'm surpriz'd in these rude parts to see,
 Shews that the gods have given you a mind
 Too noble for the fate which here you find.
 Why should a soul, so virtuous and so great,
 Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat?
 Let savage beasts lodge in a country den;
 You should see towns, and manners know, and men;
 And taste the generous luxury of the court,
 Where all the mice of quality resort;
 Where thousand beauteous shes about you move,
 And, by high fare, are pliant made to love.
 We all, ere long, must render up our breath;
 No cave or hole can shelter us from death.

Since

Since life is so uncertain, and so short,
Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
Come, worthy sir, come with me and partake
All the great things that mortals happy make.

Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms
To oppose bright honour, and soft pleasure's charms:
What wisdom can their magic force repel?
It draws this reverend hermit from his cell.
It was the time, when witty poets tell,
"That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell:
"She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,
"And drew the modest curtains of the night."

Plainly the truth to tell, the sun was set,
When to the town our wearied travellers get:
To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,
Made for the use of pride and luxury,
They come; the gentle courtier at the door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before;
But 'tis, sir, your command, and being so,
I'm sworn to obedience; and so in they go.
Behind a hanging, in a spacious room
(The richest work of Mortclake's noble loom)
They wait a while, their wearied limbs to rest,
Till silence should invite them to their feast.
"About the hour that Cynthia's silver light
"Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night;"
At last, the various supper being done,
It happen'd that the company was gone
Into a room remote, servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a ball.

Our

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Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find
 All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
 Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,
 And with delicious bits the floor was strew'd.
 The courteous mouse presents him with the best,
 And both with fat varieties are blest.
 Th' industrious peasant every where does range,
 And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
 Lo ! in the midst of a well-freighted pye,
 They both at last glutted and wanton lie ;
 When, see the sad reverse of prosperous fate,
 And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait !
 With hideous noise down the rude servants come,
 Six dogs before run barking into th' room ;
 The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
 And hate the fullness, which retards their flight.
 Our trembling peasant wishes now, in vain,
 That rocks and mountains cover'd him again ;
 Oh, how the change of his poor life he curst !
 This, of all lives (said he) is sure the worst :
 Give me again, ye gods, my cave and wood !
 With peace, let tares and acorns be my food !

A Paraphrase upon the 10th Epistle of the First Book
of HORACE.

HORACE TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

HEALTH, from the lover of the country, me,
Health, to the lover of the city, thee ;
A difference in our souls, this only proves ;
In all things else, we agree like married doves.
But the warm nest and crowded dove house thou
Dost like ; I loosely fly from bough to bough,
And rivers drink, and all the shining day
Upon fair trees or mossy rocks I play ;
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with heaven admire ;
Like one at last from the priest's service fled,
Loathing the honied cakes, I long for bread.
Would I a house for happiness erect,
Nature alone should be the architect,
She 'd build it more convenient than great,
And doubtless in the country choose her seat ;
Is there a place doth better helps supply
Against the wounds of winter's cruelty ?
Is there an air, that gentler does assuage
The mad celestial dog's, or lion's, rage ?
Is it not there that sleep (and only there)
Nor noise without, nor cares within, does fear ?
Does art through pipes a purer water bring,
Than that, which nature strains into a spring ?

Can

Can all your tap'stries, or your pictures, show
 More beauties, than in herbs and flowers do grow?
 Fountains and trees our wearied pride do please,
 Ev'n in the midst of gilded palaces,
 And in your towns, that prospect gives delight,
 Which opens round the country to our sight.
 Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,
 Return at last; and their wild luxury
 Does but in vain with those true joys contend,
 Which nature did to mankind recommend.
 The man who changes gold for burnish'd brass,
 Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,
 Is not, at length, more certain to be made
 Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
 Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy
 The painted goods of pride and vanity.
 If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,
 Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to lose;
 For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
 With trifles too, unwillingly we part.
 An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
 More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,
 Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings
 To kings, or to the favourites of kings.
 The horned deer, by nature arm'd so well,
 Did with the horse in common pasture dwell;
 And, when they fought, the field it always wan,
 Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,
 And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
 Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain:

But never after could the rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;
That they might power above their equals have,
To cruel masters they themselves enslave.
For gold, their liberty exchang'd we see,
That fairest flower which crowns humanity *.
And all this mischief does upon them light,
Only, because they know not how, aright,
That great, but secret, happiness to prize,
That 's laid up in a little, for the wise:
That is the best and easiest estate,
Which to a man fits close, but not too strait;
'Tis like a shoe; it pinches and it burns,
Too narrow; and too large, it overturns.
My dearest friend! stop thy desires at last,
And chearfully enjoy the wealth thou hast:
And, if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil:
Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey;
The horse doth with the horseman run away.

* The poet, as usual, expresses his own *feeling*: but he does more, he expresses it very classically. The allusion is to the ancient custom of wearing wreaths or garlands of flowers, on any occasion of joy and festivity. HURD.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Lib. IV. Plantarum.

BLEST be the man (and blest he is) whom e'er
 (Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear)
 A little field, and little garden, feeds :
 The field gives all that frugal nature needs ;
 The wealthy garden liberally bestows
 All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
 The specious inconveniences, that wait
 Upon a life of business, and of state,
 He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
 By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess.
 Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's praise)
 The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days ;
 Thus his wife life Abdolonymus spent :
 Th' ambassadors, which the great emperor sent
 To offer him a crown, with wonder found
 The reverend gardener hoeing of his ground ;
 Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
 From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went ;
 And oft he stopt, in his triumphant way,
 And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
 Not without sighs, Alas ! I there forsake
 A happier kingdom than I go to take !
 Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
 But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
 Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
 Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame.

For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd, at wife Apollo's Delphic seat
Presum'd, to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
See'st thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be!
We have heard, as yet, of no such king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it some mighty general, that has done
Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.
None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be?
After long search, and vain enquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)
This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaüs, was labouring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.

So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my tost vessel gain;

Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

V.

T H E G A R D E N.

To J. EVELYN, Esquire.

I Never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature ;

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and intire to lie,

In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there

“ Studiis florere ignobilis otî * : ”

(though I could wish that he had rather said, “ Nobilis otî,” when he spoke of his own.) But several acci-

* Virg. Georg. iv. 564.

dents of my ill-fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my little Zoar. "O let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live." I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and pindarical for prose) what I mean by all this preface; it is to let you know, that though I have missed, like a chemist, my great end, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the bye; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem; and thereby the honour of having my name so advantageously recommended to posterity, by the epistle you are pleased to prefix to the most useful book that has been written in that kind *, and which is to last as long as months and years.

* Mr. Evelyn's "*Kalendarium hortense*;" dedicated to Mr. Cowley — The title explains the propriety of the compliment, that this book was to last as long as months and years. HURD.

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Among many other arts and excellencies, which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favourite of mine the most predominant; that you choose this for your wife, though you have hundreds of other arts for your concubines; though you know them, and beget sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great legacies), yet the issue of this seems to be designed by you to the main of the estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestowed most charges upon its education: and I doubt not to see that book, which you are pleased to promise to the world, and of which you have given us a large earnest in your calendar, as accomplished, as any thing can be expected from an extraordinary wit, and no ordinary expences, and a long experience. I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man, who makes his happiness more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
 With the full choice of thine own happiness;
 And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
 With prudence, how to choose the best:
 In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
 (Things, which thou well dost understand;
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
 Thy noble, innocent delight;

And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.

Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds?

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heaven too did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, ev'n before a wife.

For God, the universal architect,
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escorial, or a tower
That might with heaven communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabric those were shown,
And the materials were all his own.

But well he knew, what place would best agree
 With innocence, and with felicity :
 And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain ;
 If any part of either yet remain,
 If any part of either we expect,
 This may our judgment in the search direct ;
 God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

O blessed shades ! O gentle, cool retreat
 From all th' immoderate heat,
 In which the frantic world does burn and sweat !
 This does the lion-star, ambition's rage ;
 This avarice, the dog-star's thirst, assuage ;
 Every where else their fatal power we see,
 'They make and rule man's wretched destiny :
 They neither set, nor disappear,
 But tyrannize o'er all the year ;
 Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
 The birds that dance from bough to bough,
 And sing above in every tree,
 Are not from fears and cares more free
 'Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
 And should by right be fingers too.
 What prince's choir of music can excel
 That, which within this shade does dwell ?
 To which we nothing pay or give ;
 They, like all other poets, live
 Without reward, or thanks, for their obliging pains :
 'Tis well if they become not prey :
 The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
 And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play ;

Nature

Nature does all this harmony bestow,
But to our plants, art's music too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guittar, we owe ;
The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,
The trees danc'd round, and understood
By sympathy the voice of wood.

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take ;
Who would not choose to be awake,
While he 's encompass'd round with such delight,
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight ?
When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep *
A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,
She odorous herbs and flowers beneath him spread,
As the most soft and sweetest bed ;
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
Who, that has reason, and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choak
With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
And all th' uncleanness which does drown,
In pestilential clouds, a populous town ?
The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
Than all the female men, or women, there,
Not without cause, about them bear.

* Virg. *Æn.* i. 695.

When Epicurus to the world had taught,
 That pleasure was the chiefest good
 (And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly understood)
 His life he to his doctrine brought,
 And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought;
 Whoever a true epicure would be,
 May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
 Vitellius's table, which did hold
 As many creatures as the ark of old;
 That fiscal table, to which every day
 All countries did a constant tribute pay,
 Could nothing more delicious afford
 Than nature's liberality,
 Help'd with a little art and industry,
 Allows the meanest gardener's board.
 The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
 For which the grape or melon she would lose;
 Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
 Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
 Yet still the fruits of earth we see
 Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

But with no sense the garden does comply,
 None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye.
 When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
 The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
 His royal southern guest to entertain;
 Though she on silver floors did tread,
 With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,

To hide the metal's poverty ;
Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold
But filk and rich embroidery,
And Babylonish tapestry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye ;
Though Ophir's starry stones met every where her eye ;
Though she herself and her gay host were drest
With all the shining glories of the East ;
When lavish art her costly work had done,
The honour and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won ;
And every rose and lily there did stand
Better attir'd by nature's hand *.
The case thus judg'd against the king we see,
By one, that would not be so rich, though wiser far
than he.

Nor does this happy place only dispense
Such various pleasures to the sense ;
Here health itself does live,
That salt of life, which does to all a relish give,
Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,
The body's virtue, and the soul's good-fortune, health.
The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,
Did its immortal head to heaven rear ;
It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood ;
Now a small thorny shrub it does appear ;
Nor will it thrive too every where :

* Matth. vi. 29.

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It always here is freshest seen ;
 'Tis only here an ever-green.
 If, through the strong and beauteous fence
 Of temperance and innocence,
 And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,
 Any diseases passage find,
 They must not think here to assail
 A land unarmed, or without a guard ;
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
 Before they can prevail :
 Scarce any plant is growing here,
 Which against death some weapon does not bear.
 Let cities boast, that they provide
 For life the ornaments of pride ;
 But 'tis the country and the field,
 That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
 In a more bright and sweet reflection shine ?
 Where do we finer strokes and colours see
 Of the Creator's real poetry,
 Than when we with attention look
 Upon the third day's volume of the book ?
 If we could open and intend our eye,
 We all, like Moses, should espy
 Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.
 But we despise these his inferior ways
 (Though no less full of miracle and praise) :
 Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze ;
 The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,

Though

Though these perhaps do, more than they,
The life of mankind sway.

Although no part of mighty nature be
More stor'd with beauty, power, and mystery;
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so order'd, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

We no-where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the tree :
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules, and is her master, here.
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does re-
It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore [fine :
To its blest state of Paradise before :
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command ?
And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he's pleas'd to give ?
He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice ;
The golden fruit, that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kifs :
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear :
He bids the rustic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach.

Ev'n

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Ev'n Daphne's coyneſs he does mock,
 And weds the cherry to her ſtock,
 Though ſhe refus'd Apollo's ſuit;
 Ev'n ſhe, that chaſte and virgin tree,
 Now wonders at herſelf, to ſee
 That ſhe's a mother made, and bluſhes in her fruit.

Methinks, I ſee great Diocleſian walk
 In the Salonian garden's noble ſhade,
 Which by his own imperial hands was made:
 I ſee him ſmile, methinks, as he does talk
 With the ambaffadors, who come in vain

T' entice him to a throne again.

If I, my friends (ſaid he) ſhould to you ſhow
 All the delights which in theſe gardens grow,
 'Tis likelier much, that you ſhould with me ſtay,
 Than 'tis, that you ſhould carry me away:
 And truſt me not, my friends, if, every day,

I walk not here with more delight,
 Than ever, after the moſt happy fight,
 In triumph to the capitol I rode,
 To thank the gods, and to be thought, myſelf, almoſt
 a god.

VI.

OF GREATNESS.

* SINCE we cannot attain to greatness (says the
Sieur de Montagne) let us have our revenge by
railing at it:" this he spoke but in jest. I believe he
desired it no more than I do, and had less reason; for
he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a
most excellent country, as allowed him all the real
conveniences of it, separated and purged from the in-
commodities. If I were but in his condition, I should
think it hard measure, without being convinced of any
crime, to be sequestered from it, and made one of the
principal officers of state. But the reader may think
that what I now say is of small authority, because I
never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial: I can
therefore only make my protestation,

If ever I more riches did desire
Than cleanliness and quiet do require:
If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish, so mean as to be great;
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity
me, for this humour, as a poor-spirited fellow; but I
am content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so.

Di

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Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quódque pufilli
Finxerunt animi *.

I confefs, I love littlenefs almost in all things. A little convenient eftate, a little chearful houfe, a little company, and a very little feaft; and, if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great paffion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettinefs, rather than with majeftical beauty. I would neither wifh that my miftrefs, nor my fortune, fhould be a *bona roba*, nor, as Homer ufes to defcribe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the ftatelinefs and largenefs of her perfon; but, as Lucretius fays,

Parvola, pumilio, Χαρίτων μία, tota merum fal †.

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thoufand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the elder ‡ defcribes to this effect: Senecio was a man of a turbid and confufed wit, who could not endure to fpeak any but mighty words and fentences, till this humour grew at laft into fo notorious a habit, or rather difeafe, as became the fport of the whole town: he would have no fervants, but huge, mafsy fellows; no plate or houfhould-ftuff, but thrice as big as the fafhion: you may believe me, for I fpeak it without raillery, his extravagancy came

* 1 Sat. iv. 17.

† Lucr. iv. 1155.

‡ Suaforiarum Liber. Suaf. 11.

at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears: he kept a concubine, that was a very giantess, and made her walk too always in chiopins, till at last, he got the surname of Senecio Grandio, which Mefala said, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomentum*: when he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedæmonians, who alone opposed Xerxes's army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice; "I rejoice, I rejoice."—We wondered, I remember, what new great fortune had befallen his eminence. "Xerxes (says he) is all mine own. He, who took away the sight of the sea, with the canvas veils of so many ships"—and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burley way of nonsense.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are very few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees, *Grandios*. Is any thing more common, than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, that all the ostentation of our grandees is, just like a train, of no use in

the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? how tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation.

The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children. One of the most powerful and fortunate princes * of the world, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatness (nay that would not suffice, for they would be gods too), they certainly possessed it: and yet one of them, who styled himself lord and god of the earth, could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching of flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub †. One of his predecessors, Nero (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to

* Louis XIII.—The Duke de Luynes, the Constable of France, is said to have gained the favour of this *powerful and fortunate prince* by training up singing birds for him. ANON.

† *Beelzebub* signifies the *Lord of flies*. COWLEY.

run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was, to sing and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon the public stage: he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his forefathers were, of their triumphs over nations: he did not at his death complain, that so mighty an emperor, and the last of all the Cæsarian race of deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end; but only cried out, “Alas, what pity it is, that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner *!” His uncle Claudius spent half his time at playing at dice; and that was the main fruit of his sovereignty. I omit the madneses of Caligula’s delights, and the execrable fordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding-stones, with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this that Rome’s best blood he spilt,
With so much falsehood, so much guilt?

* — “Qualis artifex pereo!” Sueton. *Nero*.

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Was it for this that his ambition strove
 To equal Cæsar, first; and after, Jove?
 Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys;
 Her merchandize (I fear) is all in toys;
 She could not else, sure, so uncivil be,
 To treat his universal majesty,
 His new-created Deity,
 With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meager entertainment; she has not really wherewithal to make such feasts as we imagine. Her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? Not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: not so many choice dishes at every meal; but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant: not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes; but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the taylor or valet de chambre: not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot, and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions) not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain

or cascade-gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river-god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence. And when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you, before, but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

“—sed quantum vertice ad auras

“Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit *.”

As far up towards heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful thing is this! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery:

Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex †.

* Virg. Georg. ii. 291.

† Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 39.

This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia: they abound with slaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise; and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity; so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of rapine: "as riches increase" (says Solomon), "so do the mouths that devour them *." The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, and an ass at the end perpetually eating it.

Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself: still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that

* Eccl. v. 11.

point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of Teneriff, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroical attempt of scaling heaven in despite of the gods: and they cast Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa: two or three mountains more, they thought, would have done their business: but the thunder spoilt all the work, when they were come up to the third story:

And what a noble plot was croft!

And what a brave design was lost!

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation, when, from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain, and afterwards general, which was his second, and after that, absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touched the heaven which he affected, is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a king, and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of

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this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, being a creature of the fancy, a notion that consists only in relation and comparison: it is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us, "that an idol is nothing in the world." There is in truth no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places: there is no right or left, no upper-hand in nature; every thing is little, and every thing is great, according as it is diversely compared. There may be perhaps some village in Scotland or Ireland, where I might be a great man: and in that case I should be like Cæsar (you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in any thing); and choose rather to be the first man of the village, than second at Rome. Our country is called Great Britany, in regard only of a lesser of the same name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it, when we consider it together with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground, in comparison of the whole earth besides: and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.

The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several chapters; and shall end this with an ode of Horace, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated.

HORACE,

HORACE, Lib. III. Ode I.

“ Odi profanum vulgus, &c.”

HENCE, ye profane ; I hate you all ;
Both the great vulgar, and the small.
To virgin minds, which yet their native whiteness
hold,
Not yet discolour'd with the love of gold
(That jaundice of the soul,
Which makes it look so gilded and so foul),
To you, ye very few, these truths I tell ;
The Muse inspires my song ; hark, and observe it well.

We look on men, and wonder at such odds
'Twixt things that were the same by birth ;
We look on kings as giants of the earth,
These giants are but pigmies to the gods.
The humblest bush and proudest oak
Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.
Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and power,
Have their short flourishing hour :
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their pre-eminence awhile ;
Ev'n so in the same land,
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand ;
Alas ! death mows down all with an impartial hand.

And

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And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,
Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:

 If ye your eyes could upwards move
(But ye, I fear, think nothing is above)
Ye would perceive by what a little thread
 The sword still hangs over your head:

No tide of wine would drown your cares;
No mirth or music over-noise your fears:
The fear of death would you so watchful keep,
As not t' admit the image of it, sleep.

Sleep, is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn

 The meanest country cottages:

 "His poppy grows among the corn."

The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.

'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in their mind;
Darkness but half his work will do:

'Tis not enough; he must find quiet too.

The man, who in all wishes he does make,
Does only nature's counsel take,

That wise and happy man will never fear
 The evil aspects of the year;

Nor tremble, though two comets should appear:
He does not look in almanacks, to see

 Whether he fortunate shall be;

Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,
And what they please against the world design,
 So Jupiter within him shine.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
 God to your cares and fears will set no bound.

What would content you? who can tell?

Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,

As if ye lik'd it well:

Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.

Go, level hills, and fill up seas,

Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please;

But, trust me, when you have done all this,

Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

VII.

OF AVARICE.

THERE are two sorts of avarice: the one is but of a bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of gain; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the channels of pride and luxury: the other is the true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and unsatiable desire of riches, nor for any farther end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually increase them. The covetous man, of the first kind, is like a greedy ostrich, which devours any metal; but it is with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect, it makes a shift to digest and excern it. The second
 is

is like the foolish chough, which loves to steal money only to hide it. The first does much harm to mankind; and a little good too, to some few: the second does good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or angels, or rational men, for his actions: the second can give no reason or colour, not to the devil himself, for what he does; he is a slave to Mammon without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved; ay, and envied too by some people; the second is the universal object of hatred and contempt. There is no vice has been so pelted with good sentences, and especially by the poets, who have pursued it with stories, and fables, and allegories, and allusions; and moved, as we say, every stone to fling at it: among all which, I do not remember a more fine and gentleman-like correction, than that which was given it by one line of Ovid:

“*Defunt luxuriæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.*”

Much is wanting to luxury, all to avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one member, and tender it thus,

Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.

Somebody says * of a virtuous and wise man, “that having nothing, he has all:” this is just his

* The author, well acquainted with the taste of his readers, would not disgust their delicacy by letting them know that this “somebody” was St. Paul, [2 Cor. vi. 10.]—though the sense and expression would have done honour to Plato. HURD.

antipode, who, having all things, yet has nothing.
 He is a guardian eunuch to his beloved gold: "au-
 " divi eos amatores esse maximos, sed nil potesse."
 They are the fondest lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

And, oh, what man's condition can be worse
 Than his, whom plenty starves, and blessings curse;
 The beggars but a common fate deplore,
 The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never
 been any law made against him: against him do I say?
 I mean, for him: as there are public provisions made
 for all other madmen: it is very reasonable that the
 king should appoint some persons (and I think the
 courtiers would not be against this proposition) to
 manage his estate during his life (for his heirs com-
 monly need not that care): and out of it to make it
 their business to see, that he should not want alimony
 befitting his condition, which he could never get out
 of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle vagrants,
 and counterfeit beggars; but have no care at all of
 these really poor men, who are, methinks, to be re-
 spectfully treated, in regard of their quality. I might
 be endless against them, but I am almost choaked
 with the super-abundance of the matter; too much
 plenty impoverishes me, as it does them. I will con-
 clude this odious subject with part of Horace's first
 satire, which take in his own familiar style:

I admire, Mæcenas, how it comes to pass,
 That no man ever yet contented was,

Nor

Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state
 In which his own choice plants him, or his fate.
 Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries :
 The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,
 Happy the soldier ! one half-hour to thee
 Gives speedy death, or glorious victory :
 The lawyer, knockt up early from his rest
 By restless clients, calls the peasant blest :
 The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,
 Envy the mouth, which only talk does feed.
 'Tis not (I think you 'll say) that I want store
 Of instances, if here I add no more ;
 They are enough to reach, at least a mile,
 Beyond long orator Fabius's style.
 But hold, ye, whom no fortune e'er endears,
 Gentlemen, malecontents, and mutineers,
 Who bounteous Jove so often cruel call,
 Behold, Jove's now resolv'd to please you all.
 Thou soldier, be a merchant : merchant, thou
 A soldier be : and, lawyer, to the plough.
 Change all your stations strait : why do they stay ?
 The devil a man will change, now, when he may.
 Were I in general Jove's abused case,
 By Jove I'd cudgel this rebellious race :
 But he's too good ; be all, then, as ye were ;
 However, make the best of what ye are,
 And in that state be chearful and rejoice,
 Which either was your fate, or was your choice.
 No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
 And very miserable be awhile ;

But 'tis with a design only to gain
What may their age with plenteous ease maintain.
The prudent pismire does this lesson teach,
And industry to lazy mankind preach :
The little drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he strait devour all he can get ;
But in his temperate mouth carries it home
A stock for winter, which he knows must come.
And, when the rolling world to creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong-side of the year,
And shuts him in, with storms, and cold, and wet,
He chearfully does his past labours eat :
O, does he so ? your wife example, th' ant,
Does not, at all times, rest and plenty want ;
But, weighing justly a mortal ant's condition,
Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
Thee, neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold :
To th' Indies thou would'st run, rather than see
Another, though a friend, richer than thee.
Fond man ! what good or beauty can be found
In heaps of treasure, buried under ground ?
Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,
Thou would'st thyself, too, buried with them be :
And what's the difference ? is 't not quite as bad
Never to use, as never to have had ?
In thy vast barns millions of quarters store ;
Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more
Than mine does. Every baker makes much bread :
What then ? He's with no more, than others, fed.

Do

Do you within the bounds of nature live,
 And to augment your own you need not strive;
 One hundred acres will no less for you
 Your life's whole business, than ten thousand, do.
 But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store.
 What, man! though you 're resolv'd to take no more
 Than I do from a small one? If your will
 Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
 To some great river for it must you go,
 When a clear spring just at your feet does flow?
 Give me the spring, which does to human use
 Safe, easy, and untroubled stores produce;
 He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile,
 Must run the danger of the crocodile,
 And of the rapid stream itself, which may,
 At unawares, bear him perhaps away.
 In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin
 Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within:
 He catches at the stream with greedy lips,
 From his toucht mouth the wanton torrent slips:
 You laugh now, and expand your careful brow;
 'Tis finely said, but what 's all this to you?
 Change but the name, this fable is thy story,
 Thou in a flood of useless wealth dost glory,
 Which thou canst only touch, but never taste;
 Th' abundance still, and still the want, does last.
 The treasures of the gods thou would'st not spare:
 But when they 're made thine own, they sacred are,
 And must be kept with reverence; as if thou
 No other use of precious gold didst know,

But that of curious pictures, to delight,
 With the fair stamp, thy virtuoso sight.
 The only true and genuine use is this,
 To buy the things, which nature cannot miss
 Without discomfort; oil and vital bread,
 And wine, by which the life of life is fed,
 And all those few things else by which we live:
 All that remains, is giv'n for thee to give.
 If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
 The bitter fruits be, which fair riches bear;
 If a new poverty grow out of store;
 The old plain way, ye gods! let me be poor.

Paraphrase on HORACE, B. III. Od. xvi.

A TOWER of brass, one would have said,
 And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
 And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,
 Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead.
 The jealous father thought he well might spare
 All further jealous care;
 And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd,
 To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd;
 And, when he slept, his rest was deep:
 But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.
 She taught the amorous Jove
 A magical receipt in love,
 Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,
 Than all his thunder did, and his almighty-ship before.

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She taught him love's elixir, by which art
 His godhead into gold he did convert:
 No guards did then his passage stay,
 He pass'd with ease; gold was the word;
 Subtle as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
 Gold through doors and walls did pierce.
 The prudent Macedonian king,
 To blow up towns, a golden mine did spring.
 He broke through gates with his petar;
 'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 'tis of war;
 And fleets and armies follow it afar:
 The ensign 'tis at land, and 'tis the seaman's star.

Let all the world slave to this tyrant be,
 Creature to this disguised deity,
 Yet it shall never conquer me.
 A guard of virtues will not let it pass,
 And wisdom is a tower of stronger brass.
 The Muses' laurel, round my temples spread,
 Does from this lightning's force secure my head:
 Nor will I lift it up so high,
 As in the violent meteor's way to lie.
 Wealth for its power do we honour and adore?
 The things we hate, ill-fate, and death, have more.

From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,
 The vast Xerxean army, I retreat,
 And to the small Laconic forces fly,
 Which holds the straits of poverty.

Cellars and granaries in vain we fill,
With all the bounteous summer's store,
If the mind thirst and hunger still:
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
We masters grow of all that we despise.

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
Is all the wealth by nature understood.
The monarch, on whom fertile Nile bestows
All which that grateful earth can bear,
Deceives himself, if he suppose
That more than this falls to his share.
Whatever an estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a rent paid to the lord;
But is a tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the tyrant lust.
Much will always wanting be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

VIII.

THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN
IN MUCH COMPANY.

IF twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves who are all furnished *cap à pé*, with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool: and, if the injury went no farther than the being laught at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves; it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous, to him.

Do ye wonder that a virtuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand: neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civilist, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous; there is some moderation and good-nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of eloquence and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: it is true, they have done so; they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder, one another: they found them hunters and fishers of wild creatures; they have made them hunters and fishers of their brethren: they boast to have reduced them to a state of peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war: they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice, but they raised first that devil,

which now they conjure and cannot bind : though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed, because there were no rewards for it.

But the men, who praise philosophy from this topic, are much deceived ; let oratory answer for itself, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm ; it never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them, when they were assembled ; to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns, and founders of empire ; they said, “ Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth*.” What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the world ? What was it, but a concourse of thieves, and a sanctuary of criminals ? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures, and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first town too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities : their actual, increase daily with their age and growth ; the more people, the more wicked all of them ; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion ; which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no precepts can be sufficient preservatives, nor

* Gen. xi. 4.

any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the infected.

We ought, in the choice of a situation, to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the mind, rather than for the body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had antidote enough against this poison; nay, suppose further, we were always and at all points armed and provided, both against the assaults of hostility, and the mines of treachery, it will yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in alarms; though we were compassed round with fire, to defend ourselves from wild beasts, the lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our guard, than the diligences of our enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them; and that it is impossible to escape both these inconveniencies, without so much caution as will take away the whole quiet, that is the happiness, of his life.

Ye see then, what he may lose; but, I pray, what can he get there?

Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.*

What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? he can neither understand nor speak the language of

* Juv. Sat. iii. 41.

the place; a naked man may swim in the sea, but it is not the way to catch fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no nets, and use no deccits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice, which Martial gave to Fabian, when he met him newly arrived at Rome:

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought;
 What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
 Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play,
 Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray:
 Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get
 A living by thy industry and sweat;
 Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,
 Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.
 But you 're a man of learning, prudent, just;
 A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.
 Why you may stay and live unenvied here;
 But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all these were in the case, yet the very sight of uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly; the sight of folly and impiety, vexatious to the wise and pious.

Lucretius *, by his favour, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said, it was delightful to see other men in a great storm: and no less ill-natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in

* Lucr. lib. ii.

that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to Bedlam, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancy of so many various madneses; which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand madmen abroad, without any perturbation; tho', to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honours, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them, more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that), that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, "*ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum;*" that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the sons of Adam. But, whither shall we fly then? into the deserts, like the ancient Hermits?

—*Quà terra patet, fera regnat Erinny,*
*In facinus jurâsse putes — **

One would think that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can;

* Ovid. *Metam.* i. 241.

that they had all (as the scripture speaks) "fold themselves to sin:" the difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I first went to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Phil. Sydney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon; and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsea: but, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forrest; that, if I could not content myself with any thing less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster-hall. I ask again, then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way, that he cannot choose but salute it; he must take heed, though, not to go a-whoring after it. If, by any lawful vocation, or just necessity, men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice: "Brethren, the time is short; it remains, that they, that have wives, be as though they had none.—But I would that all men were even as I myself*."

In all cases, they must be sure, that they do *mundum lucere*, and not *mundo nubere*. They must retain the

* 1 Cor. vii. 29. 7.

superiority and headship over it: happy are they, who can get out of the fight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market-town in their country.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUN-
QUAM EGRESSUS EST.

“FELIX, qui patriis,” &c.

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' inclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never dangers either saw or fear'd:
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
No change of consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his calendar.

The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
 Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows.
 He measures time by land-marks, and has found
 For the whole day the dial of his ground.
 A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he sees,
 And loves his old contemporary trees.
 He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
 Does with a like concernment notice take
 Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.
 Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam,
 The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

 IX.

 THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE, AND UNCER-
 TAINTY OF RICHES.

IF you should see a man, who were to cross from
 Dover to Calais, run about very busy and solicitous,
 and trouble himself many weeks before in making pro-
 visions for his voyage, would you commend him for a
 cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a ti-
 morous and impertinent coxcomb? A man, who is ex-
 cessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the
 greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder
 with ail conveniences and even superfluities, is to an-
 gels

gels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a strait betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*.

We are all ἐφ' ἡμέρας (as Pindar calls us), creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space; as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even bread for no longer a time. The sun ought not to set upon our covetousness, no more than upon our anger; but, as to God Almighty a thousand years are as one day, so, in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years; "tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa," so far he shoots beyond his butt: one would think, he were of the opinion of the Millennaries, and hoped for so long a reign upon earth. The patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almost such a life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it; they, who lived nine hundred years, scarcely provided for a few days; we, who live but a few days, provide at least for nine hundred years. What a strange alteration is this of human life and manners! and yet we see an imitation of it in every man's particular experience; for we begin not the cares of life, till it be half spent, and still increase them, as that decreases.

What is there among the actions of beasts so illogical and repugnant to reason? When they do any thing, which seems to proceed from that which we call reason,

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we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural instinct: and are not we fools, too, by the same kind of instinct? If we could but learn to "number our days" (as we are taught to pray that we might), we should adjust much better our other accounts; but, whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end, too. Horace advises very wisely, and in excellent good words,

—Spatio brevi

Spem longum refecit— *

from a short life cut off all hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers, that choak the mother-plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place, to the same sense,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam †;

which Seneca does not mend, when he says, "Oh! quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium!" but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his, named Senecio, who, from a very mean beginning, by great industry in turning about of money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary riches, but died on a sudden, after having supped merrily, "In ipso actu benè cedentium rerum, in ipso procurrentis fortunæ impetu," in the full course of his good fortune, when she had a high tide, and a stiff gale, and all her sails on; upon which occasion he cries, out of Virgil ‡,

* 1 Carm. xi. 6.

† Ibid. iv. 15.

‡ Buc. i. 74.
"Inferre

“Inferè nunc, Melibæe, pyros; pone ordine vites!”

—————Go, Melibæus, now,

Go graff thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant;
Behold the fruit!

For this Senecio I have no compassion, because he was taken, as we say, *in ipso facto*, still labouring in the work of avarice; but the poor rich man in St. Luke (whose case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me; for he seems to have been satisfied at last, he confesses he had enough for many years, he bids his soul take its ease; and yet for all that, God says to him, “Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; and the things thou hast laid up, who shall they belong to *?” Where shall we find the causes of this bitter reproach and terrible judgment? We may find, I think, two; and God, perhaps, saw more. First, that he did not intend true rest to his soul, but only to change the employments of it from avarice to luxury; his design is, to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting; the fullness of his old barns had not sufficed him, he would stay till he was forced to build new ones: and God meted out to him in the same measure; since he would have more riches than his life could contain, God destroyed his life, and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the man from his

* Luke xii. 20.

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riches, and no less frequently riches from the man:
what hope can there be of such a marriage, where both
parties are so fickle and uncertain? by what bonds can
such a couple be kept long together?

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?

Why dost thou load thyself, when thou 'rt to fly,
Oh man, ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For death, alas! is sowing thee.

Suppose, thou fortune couldst to tamenefs bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose, thou could'st on fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet death at all that subtilty will laugh;
Death will that foolish gardener mock,
Who does a slight and annual plant engraft
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou would'st seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
In business, that concerns not thee!

For when to future years thou' extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wifely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock, which summer's wealth affords:
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated fight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay,
And be our sunshine all the day;

Like lightning, that, begot but in a cloud
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud)
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh scene of fortune, which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near!
Proud poverty, that tinsel bravery wears!
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;
In a weak boat trust not the deep;
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
 Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark ;
 Above the clouds let thy proud musick sound,
 Thy humble nest build on the ground.

X.

THE DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

A Letter to Mr. S. L.

I AM glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say, which *but* is "*ærgo mera*," a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) "*cum dignitate otium*." This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty. The seeking for a fortune then, is but a desperate after-game : it is a hundred to one, if a man

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fling two fixes and recover all; especially, if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for, if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person) to recommend to him, who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; "but I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is, not to add any thing to his estate, but to take something from his desires."

The sum of this is, that, for the uncertain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially, when the use of those things, which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied; but the loss of time, never recovered: nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet, when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," the play is not worth the expence of the candle: after having been long tost in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants;

— utere velis,
Totos pande finus—*

A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a band, and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility. I think, your counsel of “*Festina lente*” is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate, well-bred gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his enemies; and therefore I prefer Horace’s advice before yours,

— sapere aude,
Incipe—

Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey. Varro † teaches us that Latin proverb, “*portam itineri longissimam esse:*” but to return to Horace,

“ — Sapere aude:
“ Incipe vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,
“ Rusticus expectat, dum labitur annis: at ille
“ Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum ‡.”

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river’s bank expecting stay,

* Juv. i. 150.

† Lib. i. Agric.

‡ 1 Ep. ii. 40.

Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of expedition above all others) was so far from this folly, that whensoever, in a journey, he was to cross any river, he never went one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry; but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over: and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness. Stay, till the waters are low; stay, till some boats come by to transport you; stay, till a bridge be built for you; you had even as good stay, till the river be quite past. Persius (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore, I say, I know to be not a good poet) has an odd expression of these procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of fancy:

“Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
“Egerit hos annos.”

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on;
We by to-morrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your “Otium cum dignitate,” and “Festina lente,” and three or four other more of your new Latin sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of Seneca and Plutarch upon this subject, I should overwhelm you; but I leave those, as *Triarii*, for your next charge.

charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an epigrammatist, your special good friend; and so, *vale*.

MARTIAL, Lib. V. Epigr. lix.

“Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Posthume, semper;” &c.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say:
To-day itself 's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Epigr. xc.

“Quintilianæ, vagæ moderator summe juventæ,” &c.

WONDER not, Sir (you who instruct the town
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his heir;

Who

Who does his father's bounded stores despise,
And whom his own too never can suffice :
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that shine with aught but constant fire.
I well content the avarice of my sight
With the fair gildings of reflected light :
Pleasures abroad, the sport of nature yields,
Her living fountains, and her smiling fields ;
And then at home, what pleasure is 't to see
A little, cleanly, chearful, family !
Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life slide silently away,
With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

XI.

OF MYSELF.

IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself ; it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind ; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials

for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or the glories or business of it, were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar; in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but

but of this part, which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone ;
Th' unknown are better than ill known :

Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace ; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabin field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate ;

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have liv'd to-day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with
the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace *) ;

* 3 Od. xxix. 41.

and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stamp'd first, or rather engraved, these characters in me: they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe, I can tell the particular little chance that fill'd my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion) but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every where there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly fet upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet, I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into
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the court of one of the best princesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts); yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty, which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well; but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it: a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found any where; though I was in business of great and honourable trust; though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well then *; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself; and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance, of it:

"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
"Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling
"bar.

"Content thyself with the small barren praise,
"Which neglected verse does raise."

She spake; and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.

Their several ways of life let others chuse,
Their several pleasures let them use;
But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star, that did my being frame,
Was but a lambent flame,

* We have these verses, under the name of *The Wish*, in the *MISTRESS*, Vol. vii. p. 29.

And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.

No matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise, no less than she does thee.

Let all her gifts the portion be
Of folly, lust, and flattery,
Fraud, extortion, calumny,
Murder, infidelity,
Rebellion, and hypocrisy.

Do thou not grieve nor blush to be,
As all th' inspired tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down
to Ben.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it a *corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man, who says to his soul, "Take thy ease:" I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent, nor alter my course. "Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum:" nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her:

— "Nec

——“Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
 “Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
 “Hortique Sylvæque, animâ remanente, relinquam,”

Nor by me e'er shall you,
 You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
 You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
 You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
 As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very pretty ejaculation.—Because I have
 concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses,
 I will maintain the humour to the last.

MARTIAL, Lib. X. Epigr. xlvii.

“Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,” &c.

SINCE, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
 A true receipt of happiness from me;
 These are the chief ingredients, if not all:
 Take an estate neither too great or small,
 Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call:
 Let this estate from parents' care descend;
 The getting it too much of life does spend:
 Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
 A fair encouragement for industry.
 Let constant fires the winter's fury tame;
 And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame.

Thee

Thee to the town let never suit at law,
 And rarely, very rarely, business, draw.
 Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
 In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.
 Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
 Without which all the composition's vain.
 In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
 But a few friendships wear, and let them be
 By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
 Instead of art and luxury in food,
 Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
 If any cares into thy day-time creep,
 At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
 Let rest, which nature does to darkness wed,
 And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
 Be satisfied and pleas'd with what thou art,
 Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part;
 Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
 And neither fear, nor wish, th' approaches of the last:

MARTIAL, Lib. X. Epigr. xcvi.

"Sæpe loquar nimium gentes," &c.

ME, who have liv'd so long among the great,
 You wonder to hear talk of a retreat:
 And a retreat so distant, as may show
 No thoughts of a return, when once I go.

Give

Give me a country, how remote foe'er,
 Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
 Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
 And all the solid use of riches knows.
 The ground about the house maintains it, there;
 The house maintains the ground about it, here;
 Here even hunger's dear; and a full board
 Devours the vital substance of the lord.
 The land itself does there the feast bestow,
 The land itself must here to market go.
 Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
 One suit does there three or four winters last.
 Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
 And little luke-warm fires are to you sold.
 There fire 's an element, as cheap and free,
 Almost, as any of the other three.
 Stay you then here, and live among the great,
 Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
 When all the bounties here of men you score,
 The place's bounty there shall give me more.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS*.

- “ Hic, o viator, sub lare parvulo
“ Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet ;
“ Defunctis humani laboris
“ Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.

“ Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
“ Et non inertî nobilis otio,
“ Vanóque dilectis popello
“ Divitiis animosus hostis.

“ Possis ut illum dicere mortuum ;
“ En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit !
“ Exempta sit curis, viator,
“ Terra fit illa levis, precare.

“ Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas
“ Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus
“ Herbisque odoratis corona
“ Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.”

* See a translation of this Epitaph among the poems of Mr. Addison.

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P R O P O S I T I O N
F O R T H E
ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL
PHILOSOPHY*.

* Ingenious men delight in dreams of reformation.—In comparing this *Proposition* of Cowley, with *that* of Milton, addressed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that these great poets had amused themselves with some exalted, and, in the main, congenial fancies, on the subject of education: that, of the *two* plans proposed, this of Mr. Cowley was better digested, and is the *less* fanciful; if a preference, in this respect, can be given to either, when both are manifestly Utopian: and that our universities, in their present form, are well enough calculated to answer all the reasonable ends of such institutions; provided we allow for the unavoidable defects of them, when drawn out into practice. HURD.

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THE COLLEGE.

THAT the philosophical college be situated within one, two, or (at farthest) three miles of London; and, if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the river, or very near it.

That the revenue of this college amount to four thousand pounds a year.

That the company received into it be as follows :

1. Twenty philosophers or professors.
2. Sixteen young scholars, servants to the professors.
3. A chaplain.
4. A bailiff for the revenue.
5. A manciple or purveyor for the provisions of the house.
6. Two gardeners.
7. A master-cook.
8. An under-cook.
9. A butler.
10. An under-butler.
11. A surgeon.
12. Two lungs, or chemical servants.
13. A library-keeper, who is likewise to be apothecary, druggist, and keeper of instruments, engines, &c.
14. An officer to feed and take care of all beasts, fowl, &c. kept by the college.
15. A groom of the stable.
16. A messenger, to send up and down for all uses of the college.
17. Four old women, to tend the

chambers, keep the house clean, and such-like services.

That the annual allowance for this company be as follows: 1. To every professor, and to the chaplain, one hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the sixteen scholars, twenty pounds apiece; ten pounds for their diet, and ten pounds for their entertainment. 3. To the bailiff, thirty pounds, besides allowance for his journies. 4. To the purveyor, or manciple, thirty pounds. 5. To each of the gardeners, twenty pounds. 6. To the master-cook, twenty pounds. 7. To the under-cook, four pounds. 8. To the butler, ten pounds. 9. To the under-butler, four pounds. 10. To the surgeo, thirty pounds. 11. To the library-keeper, thirty pounds. 12. To each of the lungs, twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the beasts, six pounds. 14. To the groom, five pounds. 15. To the messenger, twelve pounds. 16. To the four necessary women, ten pounds. For the manciples' table, at which all the servants of the house are to eat, except the scholars, one hundred and sixty pounds. For three horses for the service of the college, thirty pounds.

All which amounts to three thousand two hundred eighty-five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the house and gardens, and operatories, and instruments, and animals, and experiments of all sorts, and all other expences, seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great uses to which it is designed, but that I conceive the industry of the college will in a short time so enrich itself, as to get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it is once begun: neither is the continuance of particular men's liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that public benefit which will accrue to all mankind, and chiefly to our nation, by this foundation. Something likewise will arise from leases and other casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the professors, or any other use besides that of the search of nature, and by it the general good of the world; and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of the company, it is proposed:

That some person of eminent quality, a lover of solid learning, and no stranger in it, be chosen chancellor or president of the college; and that eight governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed visitors of the college, and receive an exact account of all expences, even to the smallest, and of the true estate of their public treasure, under the hands and oaths of the professors resident.

That the choice of professors in any vacancy belong to the chancellor and the governors; but that

the professors (who are likeliest to know what men of the nation are most proper for the duties of their society) direct their choice, by recommending two or three persons to them at every election: and that, if any learned person within his majesty's dominions discover, or eminently improve, any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground, for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferred, if he pretend to the place, before any body else.

That the governors have power to turn out any professor, who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the society.

That the college be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair quadrangular courts, and three large grounds, inclosed with good walls behind them. That the first court be built with a fair cloister; and the professors' lodgings, or rather little houses, four on each side, at some distance from one another, and with little gardens behind them, just after the manner of the Chartreux beyond sea. That the inside of the cloister be lined with a gravel-walk, and that walk with a row of trees; and that in the middle there be a parterre of flowers and a fountain.

That the second quadrangle, just behind the first, be so contrived, as to contain these parts: 1. A chapel. 2. A hall, with two long tables on each side, for the scholars and officers of the house to eat at, and
with

with a pulpit and forms at the end for the public lectures. 3. A large and pleasant dining-room within the hall, for the professors to eat in, and to hold their assemblies and conferences. 4. A public school-house. 5. A library. 6. A gallery to walk in, adorned with the pictures or statues of all the inventors of any thing useful to human life ; as printing, guns, America, &c. and of late in anatomy, the circulation of the blood, the milky veins, and such-like discoveries in any art, with short eulogies under the portraitures : as likewise the figures of all sorts of creatures, and the stuffed skins of as many strange animals as can be gotten. 7. An anatomy-chamber, adorned with skeletons and anatomical pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for dissection. 8. A chamber for all manner of drugs, and apothecaries' materials. 9. A mathematical chamber, furnished with all sorts of mathematical instruments, being an appendix to the library. 10. Lodgings for the chaplain, surgeon, library-keeper, and purveyor, near the chapel, anatomy-chamber, library, and hall.

That the third court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use, and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the kitchen, butteries, brew-house, bake-house, dairy, lardry, stables, &c. and especially great laboratories for chemical operations, and lodgings for the under-servants.

That behind the second court be placed the garden, containing

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containing all sorts of plants that our soil will bear; and at the end a little house of pleasure, a lodge for the gardener, and a grove of trees cut out into walks.

That the second inclosed ground be a garden, destined only to the trial of all manner of experiments concerning plants, as their melioration, acceleration, retardation, conservation, composition, transmutation, coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by art, either for use or curiosity, with a lodge in it for the gardener.

That the third ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all sorts of creatures which the professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the nature of animals, and the improvement of their uses to us.

That there be likewise built, in some place of the college where it may serve most for ornament of the whole, a very high tower for observation of celestial bodies, adorned with all sorts of dials, and such-like curiosities; and that there be very deep vaults made under ground, for experiments most proper to such places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generosity of this age to extend to; and we do not design this after the model of Solomon's house in my Lord Bacon (which is a project for experiments that can never be experimented), but propose it within such bounds of expence

as have often been exceeded by the buildings of private citizens.

OF THE PROFESSORS, SCHOLARS, CHAPLAIN, AND OTHER OFFICERS.

THAT of the twenty professors four be always travelling beyond seas, and sixteen always resident, unless by permission upon extraordinary occasions; and every one so absent, leaving a deputy behind him to supply his duties.

That the four professors itinerant be assigned to the four parts of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there to reside three years at least; and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the learning, and especially natural experimental philosophy, of those parts.

That the expence of all dispatches, and all books, simples, animals, stones, metals, minerals, &c. and all curiosities whatsoever, natural or artificial, sent by them to the college, shall be defrayed out of the treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120*l*.) made to them as soon as the college's revenue shall be improved.

That, at their going abroad, they shall take a solemn oath, never to write any thing to the college but what, after very diligent examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an error.

That

That the sixteen professors resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of natural experimental philosophy, to consist of the mathematics, mechanics, medicine, anatomy, chemistry, the history of animals, plants, minerals, elements, &c.; ariculture, architecture, art military, navigation, gardening; the mysteries of all trades, and improvement of them; the manufacture of all merchandizes; all natural magic or divination; and briefly all things contained in the catalogue of natural histories annexed to my lord Bacon's Organon.

That once a day, from Easter till Michaelmas, and twice a week, from Michaelmas to Easter, at the hours in the afternoon most convenient for auditors from London, according to the time of the year, there shall be a lecture read in the hall, upon such parts of natural experimental philosophy, as the professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honourably.

That two of the professors, by daily, weekly, or monthly turns, shall teach the public schools, according to the rules hereafter prescribed.

That all the professors shall be equal in all respects (except precedency, choice of lodging, and such-like privileges, which shall belong to seniority in the college); and that all shall be masters and treasurers by annual turns; which two officers, for the time being, shall take place of all the rest, and shall be "arbitri duarum mensarum."

That the master shall command all the officers of the

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the college, appoint assemblies or conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice; and in his absence the treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all monies by the master's order in writing (if it be an extraordinary), after consent of the other professors.

That all the professors shall sup together in the parlour within the hall every night, and shall dine there twice a week (to wit, Sundays and Thursdays) at two round tables, for the convenience of discourse; which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their studies and professions; and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk, shall be the duty of the two *arbitri mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the servant-scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at table: that it shall belong likewise to the said *arbitri mensarum* only, to invite strangers; which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of learning or great parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous meetings of acquaintance.

That the professors resident shall allow the college twenty pounds a year for their diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an assembly, or conference, concerning the affairs of the college, and the progress of their experimental philosophy.

That, if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to
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the assembly, to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That, if any one be author of an invention that may bring-in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the inventor, and the two other to the society; and besides, if the thing be very considerable, his statue or picture, with an elogy under it, shall be placed in the gallery, and made a denison of that corporation of famous men.

That all the professors shall be always assigned to some particular inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their studies), of which they shall give an account to the assembly; so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the arts, as chemistry, anatomy, mechanics, and the like; and that the college shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That there shall be kept a register under lock and key, and not to be seen but by the professors, of all the experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the trial.

That the popular and received errors in experimental philosophy (with which, like weeds in a neglected garden, it is now almost all over-grown) shall be evinced by trial, and taken notice of in the public lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the foundation) the college shall give an account in
print,

print, in proper and ancient Latin, of the fruits of their triennial industry.

That every professor resident shall have his scholar to wait upon him in his chamber and at table; whom he shall be obliged to breed up in natural philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the assembly, from whose election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his education and the just and civil usage of him.

That the scholar shall understand Latin very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek, before he be capable of being chosen into the service; and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his lodging shall be with the professor whom he serves,

That no professor shall be a married man, or a divine, or lawyer in practice; only physick he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

That the professors shall, in the college, wear the habit of ordinary masters of art in the universities, or of doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another; and that the assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil language to his brother-professor; and that the perseverance in any enmity

mity shall be punished by the governors with expulsion.

That the chaplain shall eat at the master's table (paying his twenty pounds a year as the others do); and that he shall read prayers once a day at least, a little before supper-time; that he shall preach in the chapel every Sunday morning, and catechize in the afternoon the scholars and the school-boys; that he shall every month administer the holy sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his auditors with the controversies of divinity, but only teach God in his just commandments, and in his wonderful works.

T H E S C H O O L.

THAT the school may be built so as to contain about two hundred boys.

That it be divided into four classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven; because we suppose that the children sent hither, to be initiated in things as well as words, ought to have past the two or three first, and to have attained the age of about thirteen years, being already well advanced in the Latin grammar, and some authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay any thing for their teaching; and that, if any professor shall be convicted to have taken any money in consideration of his pains in the school, he shall be expelled with ignominy by the governors; but if any persons of great estate and quality, finding their sons much better proficient

cients in learning here, than boys of the same age commonly are at other schools, shall not think fit to receive an obligation of so near concernment without returning some marks of acknowledgment, they may, if they please, (for nothing is to be demanded) bestow some little rarity or curiosity upon the society, in recompence of their trouble.

And, because it is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather casting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly :

That a method be here established, for the infusing knowledge and language at the same time into them ; and that this may be their apprenticeship in natural philosophy. This, we conceive, may be done, by breeding them up in authors, or pieces of authors, who treat of some parts of nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught ; such are, in Latin, Varro, Cato, Columella, Pliny, part of Celsus and of Seneca, Cicero de Divinatione, de Naturâ Deorum, and several scattered pieces, Virgil's Georgics, Grotius, Nemesianus, Manilius : And, because the truth is, we want good poets (I mean we have but few), who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, natural matters (the most part indulging to the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of love, or with the fables of gods and heroes), we conceive that one book ought to be compiled of all the scattered

little parcels among the ancient poets that might serve for the advancement of natural science, and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasant volume. To this we would have added the morals and rhetorics of Cicero, and the institutions of Quinctilian; and for the comedians, from whom almost all that necessary part of common discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the language, are drawn, we conceive, the boys may be made masters of them, as a part of their recreation, and not of their task, if once a month, or at least once in two, they act one of Terence's Comedies, and afterwards (the most advanced) some of Plautus's; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoined, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the Greek authors, they may study Nicander, Oppianus (whom Scaliger does not doubt to prefer above Homer himself, and place next to his adored Virgil), Aristotle's history of animals, and other parts, Theophrastus and Dioscorides of plants, and a collection made out of several both poets and other Grecian writers. For the morals and rhetoric, Aristotle may suffice, or Hermogenes and Longinus be added for the latter. With the history of animals they should be shewed anatomy as a divertisement, and made to know the figures and natures of those creatures which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those errors which are universally admitted concerning many. The same method should be used to make them acquainted with all plants; and to this must be added a little of the ancient

cient and modern geography, the understanding of the globes, and the principles of geometry and astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in Latin and English, as the Romans did in Greek and Latin; and in all this travail be rather led on by familiarity, encouragement, and emulation, than driven by severity, punishment, and terror. Upon festivals and play-times, they should exercise themselves in the fields, by riding, leaping, fencing, mustering, and training, after the manner of soldiers, &c. And, to prevent all dangers and all disorder, there should always be two of the scholars with them, to be as witnesses and directors of their actions; in foul weather, it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon Sundays, and all days of devotion, they are to be a part of the chaplain's province.

That, for all these ends, the college so order it, as that there may be some convenient and pleasant houses thereabouts, kept by religious, discreet, and careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young scholars; that they have a constant eye over them, to see that they be bred up there piously, cleanly, and plentifully, according to the proportion of the parents' expences.

And that the college, when it shall please God, either by their own industry and success, or by the benevolence of patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to

others, shall, at their own charges, erect and maintain some house or houses for the entertainment of such poor men's sons, whose good natural parts may promise either use or ornament to the commonwealth, during the time of their abode at school; and shall take care that it shall be done with the same conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich men's children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause), there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, fordid, and hospital-like education.

C O N C L U S I O N .

IF I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own conceptions (that *σοφὴν* of the Greeks, which no other language has a proper word for), there was never any project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few adversaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well-selected persons in such a condition of life, that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other professions, from that of the highest general even to the lowest artisan? who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other ends; first, to weigh, examine, and prove, all things of nature delivered to us by former ages; to detect, explode, and strike a censure through, all false monies with which the world has been paid and cheated so long; and (as I may say) to set the mark of the college upon all true coins,

coins, that they may pass hereafter without any farther trial: secondly, to recover the lost inventions, and, as it were, drowned lands of the ancients: thirdly, to improve all arts which we now have: and lastly, to discover others which we yet have not: and who shall, besides all this (as a benefit by the bye), give the best education in the world (purely *gratis*) to as many men's children as shall think fit to make use of the obligation? Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in a state or religion; but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good institutions have done) even of degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this proposition shall encounter with no enemies: the only question is, whether it will find friends enough to carry it on from discourse and design to reality and effect; the necessary expences of the beginning (for it will maintain itself well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible, in order to so vast a work), that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead relics of human charity and public generosity which are yet remaining in the world.

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C O N T E N T S

O F

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P O E M S
AND
TRANSLATIONS,

BY THE HONOURABLE
SIR JOHN DENHAM,
KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

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T O T H E
K I N G.

S I R,

AFTER the delivery of your royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the queen-mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the queen (his majesty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs: But, sir, I will not launch into an history, instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before (being those to Sir R. Fanshaw); and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England, and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they

they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton-Court, he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnished with nine several cyphers in order to it: which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily escaped both for myself, and those that held correspondence with me. That time was too hot and busy for such idle speculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your majesty's expectation.

After, when your majesty, departing from St. Germaines to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old master's commands till this summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts, which the new apparitions of foreign

reign

reign invasion and domestic discontent gave us: but these clouds being now happily blown over, and our sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth; yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato did the same; and Scaliger saith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after; for what author can reasonably believe, that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your majesty's view, and having past the test of so clear and sharp-sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your majesty, will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for those latter parts which have not yet received your majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me (for I dare not trust my own judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices, till their vices forsake them; and that this divorce was not *Frigiditatis causa*, but an act of choice,

and

and not of necessity. Therefore, sir, I shall only call it an humble petition, that your majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my disobedience to his commands, to whose memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given; for when age and experience has so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty, airy reputation of being *Nimis Poëta*; and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

“ *Splendidis longum valedico nugis.*

“ *Hic versus & cætera ludicra pono.*”

Your majesty's most faithful
and loyal subject, and most
dutiful and devoted servant,

J O. D E N H A M.

P O E M S

BY

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

C O O P E R ' S H I L L .

SURE there are poets which did never dream
 Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
 Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
 Those made not poets, but the poets those.
 And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
 So where the Muses and their train resort,
 Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
 A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
 Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
 More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
 That lies between, and first salutes the place
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
 That, whether 'tis a part of earth or sky,

Uncertain

Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of such a * Muse, whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height:
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud:
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems:
Where, with like haste, though several ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin, and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure, and innocent.
Wind for the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes:

* Mr. Waller.

But such a rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
 Sate meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load,
 Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
 When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
 Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
 T'invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
 Folly or blindness only could refuse.
 A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
 The gods great mother, when her heavenly race
 Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
 Among that numerous, and celestial host,
 More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
 Immortal book record more noble names.
 Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
 Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
 Whether to Cæsar, Albanaet, or Brute,
 The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnute,
 (Though this of old no less contest did move,
 Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
 (Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
 But whoso'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.

Not to recount those several kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great * Edward, and thy greater Son,
(The lilies which his father wore, he won)
And thy † Bellona, who the confort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive ‡ king,
And brought that son, which did the second ‡ bring.
Then didst thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design, has been the great success:
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear;
That blood, which thou and thy great grandfire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unpilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt, had been his own.

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

† Queen Philippa.

‡ The kings of France and Scotland.

When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel, and prophesy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd.
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the foldier and the faint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell: (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own much more:
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame:

Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils :
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell ;
And like the block, unmoved lay : but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone ?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme ?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture ?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance ;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day ?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land ?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king ;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs ;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are ?

Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.

Thames,

Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
 By his old fire, to his embraces runs;
 Hast'ning to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay.
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil:
 But god-like his unweary'd bounty flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free, and common, as the sea or wind;
 When he, to boast or to disperse his stores
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in desarts, woods in cities plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost;
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the * stars, and bathe the gods.
Here nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight,
To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight.
Though these delights from several causes move;
For so our children, thus our friends we love)
Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord, which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides

* The Forest.

A shady

A shady mantle cloaths ; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows ;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat :
The common fate of all that 's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd :
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives ;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek, or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames ?
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece ; to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone,
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour :
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,

To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves;

Sadly

Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the foil, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for blood.
So towards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,

Stands

Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair :
So fares the stag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands ; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls :
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly,
From his unerring hand, then, glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent, and happy chase,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair liberty pursued, * and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down :
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier stile of king and subject bear :
Happy, when both to the same center move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter stood ;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.

* Runny Mead.

The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
 Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
 Till kings, by giving give themselves away,
 And even that power, that should deny, betray,
 "Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
 "Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but
 "spoils."

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 First made their subjects, by oppression, bold:
 And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
 The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
 Their greedy hopes; and this he can endure.
 But if with bays and dams they strive to force
 His channel to a new, or narrow course;
 No longer then within his banks he dwells,
 First to a torrent, then a deluge swells:
 Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
 And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

THE
DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN ESSAY ON THE
SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first Book speaks of Æneas's voyage by sea, and how, being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this Book.

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more:
Not the most cruel of our conquering foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly

The

The sad remembrance ? Now th' expiring night
And the declining stars to rest invite ;
Yet since 'tis your command, what you so well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,
The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
A fabrick like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return ; this fame
Divulges, then within the beast's vast womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb ;
In view the isle of Tenedos, once high,
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unsecure and open bay)
Thither by stealth the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ sail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd ;
All through th' unguarded gates with joy resort
To see the slighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles ; here
The battle join'd, the Grecian fleet rode there ;
But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
And first Thymœtes moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower ;
But Capys and the graver fort thought fit
The Greeks suspected present to commit
To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
The sides, and what that space contains t' explore.
Th' uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd

Laocoon

Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, what desperate frenzy 's this, (oh friends)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a design, their gifts but a deceit;
For our destruction 'twas contriv'd, no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?
Their swords less danger carry than their gifts.
(This said) against the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, not his own; and had not fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had stood.
Meanwhile a fetter'd prisoner to the king
With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his death or his design assur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest.
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incens'd Troy a wretched captive seeks
To sacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks.

To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts, we now enquire his parentage,
What of their counsels or affairs he knew :
Then fearless he replies, great king, to you
All truth I shall relate : nor first can I
Myself to be of Grecian birth deny ;
And though my outward state misfortune hath
Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne support,
I but a youth, yet some esteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
(Things known I speak) he was of life bereft :
Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
Till now, disdaining his unworthy end,
I could not silence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wish'd return to Greece ; from hence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date :
Old guilt fresh malice gives ; the peoples ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I these thankless truths pursue ;
Or why defer your rage ? on me, for all
The Greeks, let your revenging fury fall.

Ulysses this, th' Atridæ this desire
At any rate. We strait are set on fire
(Unpractis'd in such mysteries) to enquire
The manner and the cause, which thus he told,
With gestures humble, as his tale was bold.
Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tir'd
With tedious war, a stolen retreat desir'd,
And would to heaven they'd gone: but still dismay'd
By seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd.
Chiefly when this stupendous pile was rais'd,
Strange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Dispatch Eurypylus t' enquire our fates,
Who thus the sentence of the gods relates;
A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
When first towards Troy the Grecians took the seas;
Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood
Must purchase. All at this confounded stood:
Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all
Of what, the mischief but on one can fall.
Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inspir'd as he, and did my fate foretel)
Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at last, constrain'd
By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd
Me for the sacrifice; the people join'd
In glad consent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate; the day drew near,

The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confess I found
The means to my escape, my bonds I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongst the fedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their sails had hoist (if so they did).
And now, alas! no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my sons to see,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.
Those gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men; by these I beg, redress
My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress.
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
Then spake the king, Be ours, whoe'er thou art;
Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart,
Why did they raise, or to what use intend
This pile? to a war-like, or religious end?
Skillful in fraud (his native art), his hands
Toward heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
Ye pure æthereal flames, ye powers ador'd
By mortal men, ye altars, and the sword
I scap'd; ye sacred fillets that involv'd
My destin'd head, grant I may stand absolv'd
From all their laws and rights, renounce all name
Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim;
Only, O Troy, preserve thy faith to me,
If what I shall relate preserveth thee.

From Pallas' favour, all our hopes, and all
Counsels and actions took original,
Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)
Affails the sacred tower, the guards they slay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image; straight with our success
Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
Her just disdain, her flaming eyes did throw
Flashes of lightning, from each part did flow
A briny sweat, thrice brandishing her spear,
Her statue from the ground itself did rear;
Then, that we should our sacrilege restore,
And re-convey their gods from Argos' shore,
Calchas persuades, till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To measure back the main
They all consent, but to return again,
When reforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then, instead of that, this pile
To Pallas was design'd; to reconcile
Th' offended power, and expiate our guilt;
To this vast height and monstrous stature built,
Left, through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
The cruel plagues (which heaven divert on them!)
Shall fall on Priam's state: but if the horse
Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract:
Our sons then suffering what their fires would act.

Thus

Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear destroys us, again whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand fail.
This seconded by a most sad portent,
Which credit to the first imposture lent;
Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
Devoted to that god, a bull did slay.
When two prodigious serpents were descry'd,
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide;
Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,
And stem the flood with their erected breasts,
Their winding tails advance and steer their course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there came
A dreadful hiss, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
Then him, who armed to their rescue runs,
They seiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compassing, and twice his waist:
Their poisonous knots he strives to break and tear,
While slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear;
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From th' altar flies, and from his wounded skull
Shakes the huge ax; the conquering serpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie
Under her feet, within her shield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent

Justly on him, who struck the sacred oak
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
We all consent.

A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall,
Built by the gods, by her own hands doth fall;
Thus, all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and some the monster drive
With rolls and levers: thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and rhimes,
Some dance, some hale the rope; at last let down
It enters with a thundering noise the town.
Oh Troy, the seat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it struck, as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, yet blinded by the power
Of fate, we place it in the sacred tower.
Cassandra then foretels th' event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)
The altars with fresh flowers we crown, and waste
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
Now by the revolution of the skies,
Night's fable shadows from the ocean rise,
Which heaven and earth, and the Greek frauds involv'd,
The city in secure repose dissolv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
When Sinon (fav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horse, and through the unlockt doors
To the free air the armed freight restores:

Ulysses,

Ulysses, Stheneleus, Tifander, slide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep and wine
Opprest, surprize, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care;
(The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector stood,
His aspect such when, soil'd with bloody dust,
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were thrust
By his insulting foe; O how transform'd,
How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils; when he, among
A thousand ships, (like Jove) his lightning flung!
His horrid beard and knotted tresses stood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood:
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, the joy,
The hope and stay of thy declining Troy;
What region held thee, whence, so much desir'd,
Art thou restor'd to us consum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths; but what sad cause confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds?
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
Fly from the flame, O goddess-born, our walls
The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories; if it might have stood
By any power, by this right hand it should.

What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
Take here her reliques and her gods, to run
With them thy fate, with them new walls expect,
Which, tost on seas, thou shalt at last erect :
Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.
Meanwhile the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house) ; approaching still more near
The clash of arms, and voice of men we hear :
Rouz'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
The houses tops, and listening there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds conspiring force,
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents raging course
Bears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,
And mocks the plough-man's toil, th' unlook'd-for noise
From neighbouring hills th' amazed shepherd hears ;
Such my surprize, and such their rage appears.
First fell thy house, Ucalegon, then thine
Deiphobus, Sigæan seas did shine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets dreadful sound
The louder groans of dying men confound ;
Give me my arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw
Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe :
Rage, anger, and despair at once suggest,
That of all deaths, to die in arms was best. }
The first I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' priest,
Who 'scaping with his gods and reliques fled,
And towards the shore his little grandchild led ;

Pantheus,

Pantheus, what hope remains ? what force, what place
Made good ? but fighting, he replies, Alas !
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was ;
But the last period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come : our glory and our power
Incens'd Jove transfers to Grecian hands ;
The foe within the burning town commands ;
And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse :
Insulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thousands more than e'er from Argos came
Possess the gates, the passes, and the streets,
And these the sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies ; their fate so near
At once suspends their courage and their fear.
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inspir'd, I make my way through fire, through swords,
Where noises, tumults, outcries, and alarms,
I heard ; first Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us (for the moon did shine) ;
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Chorcæbus, Mygdon's son,
Who, by the love of fair Cassandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid ;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not dissuade
Of his prophetic spouse ;
Whom when I saw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I said, Brave spirits (but in vain)
Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes ? the state of our affairs

You see : the gods have left us, by whose aid
Our empire stood ; nor can the flame be staid :
Then let us fall amidst our foes ; this one
Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none.
Then reforc'd, as in a stormy night
Wolves urged by their raging appetite
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among
Foes, fire, and swords, t' assured death we pass,
Darkness our guide, despair our leader was.
Who can relate that evening's woes and spoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils ?
The city, which so long had flourish'd, falls ;
Death triumphs o'er the houses, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom,
Their hearts at last the vanquish'd re-assume ;
And now the victors fall : on all sides fears,
Groans and pale death in all her shapes appears :
Androgeus first with his whole troop was cast
Upon us, with civility misplac'd ;
Thus greeting us, You lose, by your delay,
Your share, both of the honour and the prey ;
Others the spoils of burning Troy convey
Back to those ships, which you but now forsake.
We making no return ; his sad mistake
'Too late he finds : as when an unseen snake
A traveller's unwary foot hath prest,
Who trembling starts, when the snake's azure crest
Sworn with his rising anger, he espies,
So from our view surpriz'd Androgeus flies.

But

But here an easy victory we meet :
 Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
 Whilst fortune our first enterprize did aid,
 Encourag'd with success, Choræbus said,
 O friends, we now by better fates are led,
 And the fair path they lead us, let us tread.
 First change your arms, and their distinctions bear ;
 The same, in foes, deceit and virtue are.
 Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,
 His sword, his shield he takes, and plumed crests,
 Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, all glad
 Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
 Thus mixt with Greeks, as if their fortune still
 Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.
 Some re-ascend the horse, and he whose sides
 Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
 Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire ;
 But vain 's that hope, 'gainst which the gods conspire ;
 Behold the royal virgin, the divine
 Cassandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine
 Dragg'd by the hair, casting towards heaven, in vain,
 Her eyes ; for cords her tender hands did strain ;
 Choræbus, at the spectacle enrag'd,
 Flies in amidst the foes ; we thus engag'd,
 To second him, among the thickest ran ;
 Here first our ruin from our friends began,
 Who from the temple's battlements a shower
 Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour :
 They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
 Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans slew.

Then

Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,
And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men;
As winds, that meet from several coasts, contest,
Their prisons being broke, the south and west,
And Eurys on his winged courses born,
Triumphing in their speed, the woods are torn,
And chasing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from the bottom; then all those
Who in the dark our fury did escape,
Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and shape,
And differing dialect: then their numbers swell
And grow upon us; first Choroëbus fell
Before Minerva's altar, next did bleed
Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
Ill fate could save; my country's funeral flame
And Troy's cold ashes I attest, and call
To witnesses for myself, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did, and deserv'd no less, my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound;
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the rest secure from foes or fear:

The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets cast
Over their heads, some scaling-ladders plac'd
Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement; on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; such arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down; and now against the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king, her little son
She would present); through this we pass, and run
Up to the highest battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tower so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry
All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet;
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen, which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud.
But others still succeed: meantime, nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease.
Before the gate in gilded armour shone
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,

Who

Who fed on poisonous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
And lifts his scaly breast against the sun;
With him his father's squire, Automedon,
And Peripas who drove his winged steeds,
Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds
Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof; Pyrrhus himself among
The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
Through beams of solid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs sate.
At the first gate an armed guard appears;
But th' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the women's shrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the skies;
Sad matrons wandering through the spacious rooms
Embrace and kiss the posts: then Pyrrhus comes
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force sustain, the torn port-cullis falls,
Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find, they force.
Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows
Above his banks, th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
Shepherds and folds, the foaming surges sweep.
And now between two sad extremes I stood,
Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridæ drunk with blood,

There

There th' hapless queen amongst an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid;
Then they the secret cabinets invade,
Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race; the golden posts, whose tops
Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
Or to the foe, or to the fire a prey.
Now Priam's fate perhaps you may enquire:
Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks possess'd,
Arms long disus'd his trembling limbs invest;
Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
Not for their fate, but to provoke his own:
There stood an altar open to the view
Of heaven, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd;
Before whose feet the queen herself had cast
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempest drives
And frights into one flock; but having spy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arms, she cried,
Alas, my wretched husband, what pretence
To bear those arms, and in them what defence?
Such aid such times require not, when again
If Hector were alive, he liv'd in vain;
Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
Or as in life we shall in death be join'd.
Then weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the secret seat the king she plac'd.

Mean-

Meanwhile Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
The king (though him so many deaths inclose)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows;
The gods requite thee (if within the care
Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen:
Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be
Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
He blusht, when I the rights of arms implor'd;
To me my Hector, me to Troy restor'd:
This said, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
Which on the sounding shield, scarce entering, rung.
Then Pyrrhus; Go a messenger to hell
Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
The acts of his degenerate race. So through
His son's warm blood the trembling king he drew
To th' altar; in his hair one hand he wreaths;
His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
With such a signal and peculiar fate,
Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have:
He whom such titles swell'd, such power made proud,
To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd,

On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL
AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate:
As chemists gold from brasse by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forg'd by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms wonder, and three kingdoms fear;
While single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake;
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he;
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate:
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise to live;
Less seem those facts which treason's nick-name bore,
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.

Their

Their legislative frenzy they repent :
 Enacting it should make no precedent.
 This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not lose
 Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
 Death from their fears, than safety from his own,
 That his last action all the rest might crown.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

ON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM *.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
 So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
 One single rapture scarce itself confines
 Within the limits of four thousand lines :
 And yet I hope to see this noble heat
 Continue, till it makes the piece compleat,
 That to the latter age it may descend,
 And to the end of time its beams extend.
 When poesy joins profit with delight,
 Her images should be most exquisite,

* The Honourable Edward Howard, by his poem called "The British Princes," engaged the attention of by far the most eminent of his contemporaries; who played upon his vanity, as the Wits of half a century before had done on that of Thomas Coryat, by writing extravagant compliments on his works. See Butler's, Waller's, Sprat's, and Dorset's verses, in their respective volumes; and in the "Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, 1780," vol. III. p. 105, are other verses on the same subject, by Martin Clifford, and the Lord Vaughan. N.

Since

Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
Therefore the patterns man should imitate
Above the life our masters should create.
Herein, if we consult with Greece and Rome, 15
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himself, his characters were blind:
Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his sublimed thoughts to Heaven were rais'd. 20
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods,
Would think he had beheld their blest abodes;
And, that his hero might accomplish'd be,
From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
From that great judge your judgment takes its law, 25
And by the best original does draw
Bonduca's honour, with those heroes Time
Had in oblivion wrapt, his faucy crime;
To them and to your nation you are just,
In raising up their glories from the dust; 30
And to Old England you that right have done,
To shew, no story nobler than her own.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY LORD HASTINGS. 1650.

READER, preserve thy peace; those busy eyes
 Will weep at their own sad discoveries;
 When every line they add improves thy loss,
 Till, having view'd the whole, they sum a cross;
 Such as derides thy passions' best relief,
 And scorns the succours of thy easy grief.
 Yet, lest thy ignorance betray thy name
 Of man and pious, read and mourn: the shame
 Of an exemption, from just sense, doth shew
 Irrational, beyond excess of woe.
 Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
 Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here,
 Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
 Dust far more precious than in India's veins:
 Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies
 That which compleats the age's tyrannies:
 Who weak to such another ill appear,
 For what destroys our hope, secures our fear.
 What sin unexpiated, in this land
 Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand?
 The late great victim * that your altars knew,
 Ye angry gods, might have excus'd this new

* King Charles the First.

Oblation,

Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
 Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;
 By whose example good, condemned we 25
 Might have run on to kinder destiny.
 But, as the leader of the herd fell first
 A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
 Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes; so none
 But this white-fatted youngling could atone, 30
 By his untimely fate, that impious smoke,
 That sullied earth, and did Heaven's pity choak.
 Let it suffice for us, that we have lost
 In him, more than the widow'd world can boast
 In any lump of her remaining clay. 35
 Fair as the grey-ey'd morn he was; the day,
 Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
 No haste like that of his increasing parts;
 Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
 Was seen, as full of comfort, and as bright. 40
 Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
 That only wanted immortality
 To make him perfect, now submits to night,
 In the black bosom of whose sable spite,
 He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies, 45
 Refin'd, all ray and glory, to the skies.

Great saint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
 And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st near,
 That by our trembling sense, in HASTINGS dead,
 Their anger and our ugly faults are read; 50
 The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
 Their love and majesty epitomize.

Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
 The feasted grave may close her hollow jaws;
 Though sin search nature, to provide her here
 A second entertainment half so dear,
 She 'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
 Till Time present her with the Universe.

55

On my Lord CROFT'S and my Journey into Po-
 land, from whence we brought 10,000*l.* for his
 Majesty, by the Decimation of his Scottish Subjects
 there.

TOLE, tole,

Gentle bell, for the soul
 Of the pure ones in Pole,
 Which are damn'd in our scroul.

Who having felt a touch
 Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
 Which though it was not much,
 Yet their stubbornness was such,

That when we did arrive,
 'Gainst the stream we did strive;
 They would neither lead nor drive:

Nor lend
 An ear to a friend,
 Nor an answer would send
 To our letter so well penn'd.

Nor

Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their answer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

Thus they did persist
Did and said what they list,
Till the dyet was dismiss;
But then our breach they kist.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The dyet said, Amen.

And because they are loth
To discover the troth,
They must give word and oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

Thus the constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the son.

But John
(Our friend) Molleson
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the mischiefs in store,
Ay, and thrice as much more.

And with that wicked lye,
A letter they came by
From our king's majesty,

But fate
Brought the letter too late,
'Twas of too old a date
To relieve their damn'd state,

The letter's to be seen,
With seal of wax so green,
At Dantzige, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print,
Must also pay his stint.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the messenger fell sick.

Had it later been wrote,
And sooner been brought,
They had got what they fought,
But now it serves for nought.

On Sandys they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thousand pound.

On Mr. THO. KILLIGREW's Return from Venice, and Mr. WILLIAM MURREY's from Scotland.

OUR resident Tom,
From Venice is come,
And hath left the statesman behind him :
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich ;
And just where you left him, you find him.

But who says he was not
A man of much plot,
May repent that false accusation ;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

Before you were told
How Satan * the old
Came here with a beard to his middle ;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the same,
At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

These statesmen, you believe,
Send straight for the shrieve,

* Mr. W. Murrey.

For he is one too, or would be;
 But he drinks no wine,
 Which is a shrewd sign
 That all 's not so well as it should be.

These three, when they drink,
 How little do they think
 Of banishment, debts, or dying:
 Not old with their years,
 Nor cold with their fears;
 But their angry stars still defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
 Nor sobriety sad;
 But of that they are seldom in danger;
 At Paris, at Rome,
 At the Hague they 're at home;
 The good fellow is no where a stranger.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,
 Being invited from Calais to Bologne, to eat a Pig.

ALL on a weeping Monday,
 With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
 Little admiral John
 To Bologne is gone,
 Whom I think they call old Loven.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting,
 Will Aubrey, count of Oxon,

When

When nose lay in breech,
And breech made a speech,
So often cry'd a pox on ?

A knight by land and water
Esteem'd at such a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent,
In a cart that he went,
They'll say now, hang him pirate.

Thou might'st have ta'en example,
From what thou read'st in story ;
Being as worthy to sit
On an ambling tit
As thy predecessor Dory.

But oh ! the roof of linen,
Intended for a shelter !
But the rain made an afs
Of tilt and canvas ;
And the snow, which you know is a melter.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender stripling Aftcot,
Who was soak'd to the skin,
Through drugget so thin,
Having neither coat nor waistcoat.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart so base,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

Nor

Nor did he like the omen,
 For fear it might be his doom
 One day for to sing,
 With gullet in string,
 —A hymn of Robert Wisdom.

But what was all this business?
 For sure it was important:
 For who rides i' th' wet
 When affairs are not great,
 The neighbours make but a sport on't.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
 O John, thou hadst a malice,
 The old driver of swine
 That day sure was thine,
 Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

NATURA NATURATA.

WHAT gives us that fantastic fit,
 That all our judgment and our wit
 To vulgar custom we submit?

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
 Of that foul legion we so detest,
 Are in their proper names express.

Why is it then thought sin or shame,
 Those necessary parts to name,
 From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature,

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;
 With love enflaming our desires,
 Finds engines fit to quench those fires:

Death she abhors; yet when men die,
 We 're present; but no stander-by
 Looks on when we that loss supply.

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear;
 Ev'n sack prohibited last year,
 A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
 Only to raise, by that device,
 Of those commodities the price.

Thus reason's shadows us betray,
 By tropes and figures led astray,
 From nature, both her guide and way.

SARPEDON'S SPEECH TO GLAUCUS,

IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

THUS to Glaucus spake
 Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
 Others, as great in place, as great in mind.
 Above the rest why is our pomp, our power,
 Our flock, our herds, and our possessions more?

Why

Why all the tributes land and sea affords
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards?
Our chearful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilst musick charms their ears.
Why, as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore,
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We stand the first; that when our Licians see
Our brave examples, they admiring say,
Behold our gallant leaders! These are they
Deserve the greatness; and unenvy'd stand:
Since what they act, transcends what they command.
Could the declining of this fate (oh friend)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death fought not them who seek not death,
Would I advance? or should my vainer breath
With such a glorious folly thee inspire?
But since with fortune nature doth conspire,
Since age, disease, or some less noble end,
Though not less certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common sacrifice to honour fall.

MARTIAL.

MARTIAL. EPIGRAM.

PR'YTHEE die and fet me free,
Or else be
Kind and brisk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or sharp replies,
If wise thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room so dark?
Not a spark
Left to light me to the mark;
I love day-light and a candle,
And to see, and to see,
As well as handle.

Why so many bolts and locks,
Coats and smocks,
And those drawers with a pox?
I could wish, could nature make it,
Nakedness, nakedness
Itself were naked.

But

But if a mistress I must have,
 Wife and grave,
 Let her so herself behave
 All the day long Susan civil,
 Pap by night, pap by night,
 Or such a devil.

FRIENDSHIP and SINGLE LIFE,
 AGAINST
 LOVE and MARRIAGE.

LOVE! in what poison is thy dart
 Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
 None know, but they who feel the smart.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
 And our corporeal eyes (we find)
 Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts,
 Through those deceitful fally-ports,
 Our sentinels betray our forts.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains,
 To change his pleasure into pains,
 And all his freedom into chains?

May not a prison, or a grave,
 Like wedlock, honour's title have?
 That word makes free-born man a slave.

How happy he that loves not, lives !
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To fortune who no hostage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come !
If here uneasy ; finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy ;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all those generous thoughts destroy.

Then he lays-by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir ;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

Though still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he * bears.

* His father and son.

Love,

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent, overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

This was the cause the poets sung,
Thy mother from the sea was sprung,
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father, not her son, art thou :
From our desires our actions grow ;
And from the cause th' effect must flow.

Love is as old as place or time ;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandfire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe ;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above ;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the God of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield ;
Nor Mars (her champion)'s flaming shield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is ;
But less than nothing, if it miss.

When

When matches Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wild-fire's quench'd in cold neglects.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love's of blindness dispossest,
By perspectives of interest.

Though Solomon with a thousand wives,
To get a wise successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love, drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes; and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut our appetites.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear.

Yet timorous deer, and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of nature cease to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own, set fire on Troy?

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that savage beast, whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

On MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S Death, and Burial
amongst the ancient Poets.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd:
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews;

The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets' god, inspires;
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines:
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays:
But curst be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share:
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets, and of orators:
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear:

He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jafon, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ætherial clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe:
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know.
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear;
Of that great portraiture, so true
A copy, pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii straight appear,
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass.

Seeing

Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And shew the world this parallel:
Fixt and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books:
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time:
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd, excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd.
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire,
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no power,
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

A SPEECH against PEACE,
AT THE
CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of, "I went from England."

BUT will you now to peace incline,
And languish in the main design,
And leave us in the lurch?

I would not monarchy destroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the bishops' bill deny'd,
And we still threaten'd to be try'd?
You see the king embraces
Those counsels he approv'd before:
Nor doth he promise, which is more,
That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 'tis no secret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together:
Did I for this return again,
And spend a winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cause
Their brotherly assistance draws,
My labour was not lost.

At my return I brought you thence
Necessity, their strong pretence,
And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight against their king,
And raise the first sedition ?
Though I the business did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the city
In that Invisible Committee,
The wheel that governs all.
From thence the change in church and state,
And all the mischief bears the date
From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
Upon the king to cast the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Because the rebels us'd his name ?
Though we ourselves can do the same,
While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wisely lost that nation :
To do as crafty beggars use,
To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often past between
Windfor and Westminster, unseen,
And did myself divide :
To keep his excellence in awe,
And give the parliament the law ?
For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
And did their lungs inspire;
Gave them their texts, shew'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts,
To fling abroad the fire ?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
And say the cavaliers are beaten,
To stroke the people's ears ;
Then straight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act the preacher tells,
To edify the people ;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal use
The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again,
And must we now give o'er,

And

And only end where we begun ?
In vain this mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where 's the necessity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath ?
They 'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or being good, it is so still ;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd ; or, which is worst,
That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go asunder :
But while the wicked starve, indeed
The faints have ready at their need
God's providence, and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail :
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our least of praise,
Since a new state we could not raise,
To have destroy'd the old.

Then

Then let us stay and fight, and vote,
 Till London is not worth a groat;
 Oh 'tis a patient beast!
 When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
 And can no longer have the rule,
 We'll have the spoil at least.

To the Five Members of the Honourable
 HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The humble Petition of the POETS.

AFTER so many concurring petitions
 From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
 We come in the rear to present our follies
 To Pym, Stroude, Haflerig, Hampden, and Holles,
 Though set form of prayer be an abomination,
 Set forms of petitions find great approbation:
 Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their souls,
 So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
 According unto the blest'd form you have taught us,
 We thank you first for the ills you have brought us:
 For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
 And you for the confidence only to crave it.
 Next in course, we complain of the great violation
 Of privilege (like the rest of our nation)
 But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
 Which never had being until they were broken;
 But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
 Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legislative.

And

And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivants fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority ;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical license, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth ;
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty ;
This art some poet, or the devil has taught ye :
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
That kings by them only are made and deposed,
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing :
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They 're tyrants and monsters ; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it :
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is 't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two ?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas, what are they but poems in prose ?
And between those and ours there 's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense :
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it ;
And though you are modest and seem to abhor it,
'T has done you good service, and thank Hell for it :
Although

Although the old maxim remains still in force,
 That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd court
 If poverty be a part of our trade,
 So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
 Nay even so far as undoing will do it,
 You have made king Charles himself a poet:
 But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows,
 Already you have had too much of his prose.

A WESTERN WONDER.

DO you not know, not a fortnight ago,
 How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder?
 When a hundred and ten flew five thousand men,
 With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopton was slain, again and again,
 Or else my author did lye;
 With a new Thanksgiving, for the dead who are living,
 To God, and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side was this miracle try'd,
 I hope we at last are even;
 For Sir Ralph and his knaves are risen from their graves,
 To cudgel the clowns of Devon,

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
 Of the gout three months together;
 But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
 For his heels were lighter than ever.

For

For now he outruns his arms and his guns,
 And leaves all his money behind him ;
 But they follow after ; unless he takes water,
 At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath lost,
 Goes deep in the sequestrations ;
 These wounds will not heal, with your new great seal,
 Nor Jepson's declarations.

Now, Peters and Case, in your prayer and grace,
 Remember the new Thanksgiving ;
 Isaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
 Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

YOU heard of that Wonder, of the Lightning and
 Thunder,

Which made the lye so much the louder :
 Now list to another, that miracle's brother,
 Which was done with a firkin of Powder.

O what a damp it struck through the camp !
 But as for honest Sir Ralph,
 It blew him to the Vies, without beard or eyes,
 But at least three heads and a half.

When

When out came the book, which the News-monger took
From the Preaching Ladies letter,
Where in the first place, stood the Conqueror's face,
Which made it shew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him,
Great William the Con, so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost,
But alas, we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Case, with a pitiful face,
In the pulpit to fall a weeping,
Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord-mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops,
For the laws not your cause, you that loath 'em,
Lest Essex should start, and play the second part
Of the worshipful Sir John Hotham.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER.

Or, A proper New Ballad of certain Carnal Passages
betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horfly, near
Colchester, in Essex.

To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam."

ALL in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
On the side of a bank,
Was play'd such a prank,
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For brother Green 's a stallion :
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian ?

Even to our whole profession
A scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with disdain,
Amongst the profane,
How brother Green was mounted.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which though our faints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd cavalier
E'er play'd such a Christmas gambol !

Had

Had thy flesh, O Green, been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,

Hadst thou sweetned thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane minc'd pye hadst swallow'd :

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh,
The fiend might have crept into thee ;
Then fullness of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have so rid through thee.

But, alas ! he had been feasted
With a spiritual collation,
By our frugal mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal :
Filly foal, quoth he,
My bride thou shalt be :
And how this is lawful, learn all.

For if no respect of persons
Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a Mare's as good as a Madam.

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kifs'd her,

But

But took her by force,
For better for worfe,
And us'd her like a sifter.

Now when in such a faddle
A faint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some back-sliding?

No surely, quoth James Naylor,
'Twas but an insurrection
Of the carnal part,
For a quaker in heart
Can never lose perfection.

For (as our * masters teach us)
The intent being well directed,
Though the devil trepan
The Adamical man,
The faint stands uninfected.

But, alas ! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what 's intended;
Then say what we can,
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be suspended.

And our adopted sifter
Will find no better quarter,

* The Jesuits.

But when him we enrol
 For a Saint, Filly Foal
 Shall pass herself for a Martyr.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
 No longer is thy debtor,
 O Colchester, now
 Who's Sodom but thou,
 Even according to the Letter?

A S O N G.

MORPHEUS, the humble God, that dwells
 In Cottages and smoaky Cells,
 Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
 And though he fears no prince's frown,
 Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful God,
 And thy leaden charming rod,
 Dipt in the Lethéan lake,
 O'er his wakeful temples shake,
 Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou so
 Obliged to thy greatest foe?
 Sleep that is thy best repast,
 Yet of death it bears a taste,
 And both are the same thing at last.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Works.

SO shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms:
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire;
As now we do, to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race, more wounds
Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;
Which first their brains, and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies does return
T' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age,
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it:
Who, not content like felons to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,

From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
 Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
 When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,
 And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
 Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
 Or what more easy nature did bestow
 On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee full grown
 Their graces both appear, yet so that none
 Can say here Nature ends, and Art begins,
 But mixt like th' elements, and born like twins,
 So interwove, so like, so much the same,
 None, this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
 'Twas this the ancients meant; Nature and Skill
 Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

Upon his Translation of

P A S T O R F I D O.

SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
 That few but such as cannot write, translate.
 But what in them is want of art or voice,
 In thee is either modesty or choice.
 While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand
 Free from the blemish of an artless hand.
 Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
 Less honour to create, than to redeem.

Nor

Nor ought a genius less than his that writ,
Attempt translation ; for transplanted wit,
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are :
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains ;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low,
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow ;
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unfinew'd length :
Yet, after all, (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work ; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.

That master's hand which to the life can trace
 The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
 May with a free and bolder stroke express
 A vary'd posture, or a flattering dress;
 He could have made those like, who made the rest,
 But that he knew his own design was best.

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

SIR JOHN POOLEY

AND

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL. **T**O thee, dear Tom, myself addressing,
 Most queremoniously confessing,
 That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted gravity,
 I perpetrated arts of pravity,
 In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puissance,
 For some venereal rejouissance,
 I got (as one may say) a nuyfance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, cousin Pooley,
 And in plain English tell us truly
 Why under th' eyes you look so blueely?

'Tis not your hard words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life monastic,
And wore a vest ecclesiastic;
Now in your age you grow fantastic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality.

The fæces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a distillation,
Through th' instrument of propagation.

KIL. Then, cousin, (as I guess the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are shot 'twixt wind and water.

Your style has such an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once so œconomic,
Quitting the thrifty style laconic,
Turn prodigal in makeronic.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send-a
Person of knowledge, who can mend-a
Disaster in your nether end-a—

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, so discerning,
Methinks towards fifty should take warning.

Once in a pit you did * miscarry,
That danger might have made one wary;
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me not such disconsolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Though it may gain the ladies favour,
Yet it may raise an evil favour
Upon all grave and staid behaviour.

And I will rub my Mater Pia,
To find find a rhyme to Gonorrheia,
And put it in my Litanía.

* Hunting near Paris, he and his horse fell into a quarry.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

OF

A MODERN AUTHOR upon the GAME OF
CHESS.

A Tablet stood of that absterfivè tree,
Where *Æthiop's* swarthy bird did build her nest,
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Africk's prudent beast.
Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,
Their equal armies draw into the field;
Till one take th' other prisoner they contest;
Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.
This game the Persian Magi did invent,
The force of Eastern wisdom to express;
From thence to busy Europeans sent,
And styl'd by modern Lombards pensivè Chèss.
Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons, his Trojans taught this sport,
To pass the tedious hours of ten years siege.
There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers
Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modesty her motions steers,
Nor rudely skips o'er bishops heads like knights.

THE

T H E
PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd Jove's embassy,
 Cyllenius from Æneas straight doth fly;
 He loth to disobey the God's command,
 Nor willing to forsake this pleasant land,
 Asham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
 But more afraid to take a solemn leave;
 He many ways his labouring thoughts revolves,
 But fear o'ercoming shame, at last resolves
 (Instructed by the God of Thieves *) to steal
 Himself away, and his escape conceal.
 He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
 That at the port they privately should meet;
 And some dissembled colour to project,
 That Dido should not their design suspect:
 But all in vain he did his plot disguise;
 No art a watchful lover can surprize.
 She the first motion finds; Love though most sure,
 Yet always to itself seems unsecure.
 That wicked fame which their first love proclaim'd,
 Foretels the end: the queen with rage inflam'd,
 Thus greets him: Thou dissembler, would'st thou fly
 Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously?
 Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
 Nor thee the fate of dying Dido move?
 And in the depth of winter in the night,
 Dark as thy black designs to take thy flight,

* Mercury.

To plow the raging seas to coasts unknown,
The kingdom thou pretend'st to, not thy own !
Were Troy restor'd, thou should'st mistrust a wind
False as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.
Fly'st thou from me ? By these dear drops of brine
I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
By our espousals, by our marriage-bed,
If all my kindness aught have merited ;
If ever I stood fair in thy esteem,
From ruin me and my lost house redeem.
Cannot my prayers a free acceptance find ?
Nor my tears soften an obdurate mind ?
My fame of chastity, by which the skies
I reacht before, by thee extinguish'd dies.
Into my borders now Iarbus falls,
And my revengeful brother scales my walls ;
The wild Numidians will advantage take,
For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forsake.
Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me
A young Æneas, who, resembling thee,
Might in my fight have sported, I had then
Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been ;
By thee, no more my husband, but my guest,
Betray'd to mischiefs, of which death 's the least.

With fixed looks he stands, and in his breast
By Jove's command, his struggling care suppress.
Great queen, your favours and desert so great,
Though numberless, I never shall forget ;
No time, until myself I have forgot,
Out of my heart Eliza's name shall blot :

But

But my unwilling flight the Gods inforce,
And that must justify our sad divorce.
Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit,
To my desires I might my fortune fit;
Troy to her ancient splendour I would raise,
And where I first began, would end my days.
But since the Lycian Lots, and Delphic God
Have destin'd Italy for our abode;
Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy,
Why should not Latium us receive from Troy?
As for my son, my father's angry ghost
Tells me his hopes by my delays are cross'd,
And mighty Jove's ambassador appear'd
With the same message, whom I saw and heard;
We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
But much the more when all complaints are vain;
I call to witness all the Gods, and thy
Beloved head, the coast of Italy
Against my will I seek.

Whilst thus he speaks, she rolls her sparkling eyes,
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies;
Thy mother was no Goddess, nor thy stock
From Dardanus, but in some horrid rock,
Perfidious wretch, rough Caucasus thee bred,
And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
Dissimulation I shall now forget,
And my reserves of rage in order set.
Could all my prayers and soft entreaties force
Sighs from his breast, or from his look remorse.

Where

Where shall I first complain? can mighty Jove
Or Juno such impieties approve?
The just Astræa sure is fled to hell;
Nor more in earth, nor heaven itself will dwell.
Oh Faith! him on my coasts by tempest cast,
Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd;
His men from famine, and his fleet from fire
I rescued: Now the Lycian Lots conspire
With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy through the air
Brings dismal tidings; as if such low care
Could reach their thoughts, or their repose disturb!
Thou art a false impostor, and a fourbe;
Go, go, pursue thy kingdom through the main,
I hope, if Heaven her justice still retain,
Thou shalt be wreck'd, or cast upon some rock,
Where thou the name of Dido shalt invoke:
I'll follow thee in funeral flames, when dead
My ghost shall thee attend at board and bed,
And when the Gods on thee their vengeance show,
That welcome news shall comfort me below.

This saying, from his hated sight she fled,
Conducted by her damsels to her bed;
Yet restless she arose, and looking out,
Beholds the fleet, and hears the seamen shout:
When great Æneas pass'd before the guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah cruel Love! to what dost thou inforce
Poor mortal breasts! Again she hath recourse
To tears and prayers, again she feels the smart
Of a fresh wound from his tyrannic dart.

That

That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her sister she herself apply'd:
Dear sister, my resentment had not been
So moving, if this fate I had foreseen;
Therefore to me this last kind office do,
Thou hast some interest in our scornful foe,
He trusts to thee the counsels of his mind,
Thou his soft hours, and free access canst find:
Tell him I sent not to the Ilian coast
My fleet to aid the Greeks; his father's ghost
I never did disturb: ask him to lend
To this, the last request that I shall send,
A gentle ear; I wish that he may find
A happy passage, and a prosperous wind,
The contract I don't plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd conquest be delay'd;
All that I ask is but a short reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve;
Some pause and respite only I require,
Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire.
If thy address can but obtain one day
Or two, my death that service shall repay.
Thus she intreats; such messages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him bears:
But him no prayers, no arguments can move;
The Fates resist, his ears are stopt by Jove.
As when fierce northern blasts from th' Alps descend,
From his firm roots with struggling gusts to rend
An aged sturdy oak, the rattling sound
Grows loud, with leaves and scatter'd arms the ground

Is over-laid ; yet he stands fixt, as high
As his proud head is rais'd towards the sky,
So low towards hell his roots descend. With prayers
And tears the Hero thus assail'd, great cares
He smothers in his breast, yet keeps his post,
All their addresses and their labour lost.

Then she deceives her sister with a smile :

Anne, in the inner court erect a pile ;
Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay,
Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey ;
All curst monuments of him with fire
We must abolish (so the Gods require.)
She gives her credit for no worse effect
Than from Sichæus' death she did suspect,
And her commands obeys.

Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her blushing rays did spread ;
The Queen beheld, as soon as day appear'd,
The navy under sail, the haven clear'd ;
Thrice with her hand her naked breast she knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.
O Jove, she cry'd, and shall he thus delude
Me and my realm ! why is he not pursued ?
Arm, arm, she cry'd, and let our Tyrians board
With ours his fleet, and carry fire and sword ;
Leave nothing unattempted to destroy
That perjur'd race, then let us die with joy.
What if th' event of war uncertain were ?
Nor death, nor danger, can the desperate fear.

But

But oh too late ! this thing I should have done,
When first I plac'd the traitor on my throne.
Behold the faith of him who sav'd from fire
His honour'd household Gods, his aged fire
His pious shoulders from Troy's flames did bear;
Why did I not his carcase piece-meal tear,
And cast it in the sea ? why not destroy
All his companions, and beloved boy
Ascanius ? and his tender limbs have drest,
And made the father on the son to feast ?
Thou Sun, whose lustre all things here below
Surveys ; and Juno, conscious of my woe ;
Revengeful Furies, and Queen Hecate,
Receive and grant my prayer ? If he the sea
Must needs escape, and reach th' Ausonian land,
If Jove decree it, Jove's decree must stand ;
When landed, may he be with arms oppress'd
By his rebelling people, be distress'd
By exile from his country, be divorc'd
From young Ascanius' fight, and be enforc'd
To implore foreign aids, and lose his friends
By violent and undeserved ends !
When to conditions of unequal peace
He shall submit, then may he not possess,
Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
I' th' sands, when he before his day shall fall !
And ye, oh Tyrians, with immortal hate
Pursue this race, this service dedicate
To my deplored ashes, let there be
'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.

May from my bones a new Achilles rise,
That shall infest the Trojan Colonies
With fire and sword, and famine, when at length
Time to our great attempts contributes strength;
Our seas, our shores, our armies theirs oppose,
And may our children be for ever foes!
A ghastly paleness death's approach portends,
Then trembling she the fatal pile ascends;
Viewing the Trojan reliques, she unsheath'd
Æneas' sword, not for that use bequeath'd:
Then on the guilty bed she gently lays
Herself, and softly thus lamenting prays;
Dear reliques, whilst that Gods and Fates give leave,
Free me from care, and my glad soul receive.
That date which Fortune gave, I now must end,
And to the shades a noble ghost descend.
Sichæus' blood, by his false brother spilt,
I have reveng'd, and a proud city built;
Happy, alas; too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd.
But shall I die without revenge? yet die
Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.
My conscious foe my funeral fire shall view
From sea, and may that omen him pursue!
Her fainting hand let fall the sword besmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd;
Through all the court the fright and clamours rise,
Which the whole city fills with fears and cries,
As loud as if her Carthage, or old Tyre
The foe had entered, and had set on fire.

Amazed Anne with speed ascends the stairs,
And in her arms her dying sister rears :
Did you for this, yourself and me beguile ?
For such an end did I erect this pile ?
Did you so much despise me, in this fate
Myself with you not to associate ?
Yourself and me, alas ! this fatal wound
The senate, and the people, doth confound.
I'll wash her wound with tears, and at her death
My lips from hers shall draw her parting breath.
Then with her vest the wound she wipes and dries ;
Thrice with her arm the Queen attempts to rise,
But her strength failing, falls into a swoon,
Life's last efforts yet striving with her wound ;
Thrice on her bed she turns, with wandering sight
Seeking, she groans when she beholds the light.
Then Juno, pitying her disastrous fate,
Sends Iris down, her pangs to mitigate.
(Since, if we fall before th' appointed day,
Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
Iris descends ; this fatal lock (says she)
To Pluto I bequeath, and set thee free ;
Then clips her hair : Cold numbness straight bereaves
Her corpse of sense, and th' air her soul receives.

OF PRUDENCE.

Going this last summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin original of this translation, which (being out of print) I had never seen before: when I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two learned hands, not without approbation; which were Ben Jonson and Sir Kenelm Digby; but I found it (where I shall never find myself) in the service of a better master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the honour of the living, by impairing that of the dead; and my own profession hath taught me not to erect new superstructures upon an old ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had cloathed it, and to make as becoming a new vest for it as I could.

The author was a person of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since with the sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was contemporary to Petrarch, and Mantuan, and not long before Tor-

quato Tasso; which shews that the age they lived in was not so unlearned as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The author wrote upon the four Cardinal Virtues; but I have translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury; for the two last are little more than repetitions and recitals of the first; and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last virtues are but descendants from the first; Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Justice.

WISDOM's first progress is, to take a view
 What's decent or indecent, false or true.
 He's truly prudent, who can separate
 Honest from vile, and still adhere to that;
 Their difference to measure, and to reach,
 Reason well rectify'd must nature teach.
 And these high scrutinies are subjects fit
 For man's all-searching and enquiring wit;
 That search of knowledge did from Adam flow;
 Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to show.
 Wisdom of what herself approves, makes choice,
 Nor is led captive by the common voice.
 Clear-sighted Reason Wisdom's judgment leads,
 And Sense, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.
 That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st know,
 To thee all her specific forms I'll show;

He

He that the way to honesty will learn,
First what 's to be avoided must discern.
Thyself from flattering self-conceit defend,
Nor what thou dost not know, to know pretend.
Some secrets deep in abstruse darkness lie;
To search them thou wilt need a piercing eye.
Nor rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'st repent;
Study and time in these must thee instruct,
And others old experience may conduct.
Wisdom herself her ear doth often lend
To counsel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal scales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'st chuse safely that which most doth weigh;
'Tis not secure, this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance stand unbarr'd;
He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,
If he himself secures not from his tail.
Who faith, who could such ill events expect?
With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.
Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,
Who just and good, whate'er they act, believe;
To their wills wedded, to their errors slaves,
No man (like them) they think himself behaves.
'This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reason's lure descend.
Fathers sometimes their children's faults regard
With pleasure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (self-admiring) slight;

Then all they do, like gold and pearl appears,
And other actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that so highly think themselves above
All other men, themselves can only love;
Reason and virtue, all that man can boast
O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.
Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,
Thou to thyself contributing too much)
Those who are generous, humble, just, and wise,
Who not their gold, nor themselves idolize;
To form thyself by their example learn
(For many eyes can more than one discern);
But yet beware of counsels when too full,
Number makes long disputes and graveness dull;
Though their advice be good, their counsel wise,
Yet length still loses opportunities:
Debate destroys dispatch; as fruits we see
Rot, when they hang too long upon the tree;
In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow,
If he his crop not in due season mow.
A general sets his army in array
In vain, unless he fight, and win the day.
'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
Without which slow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good counsel, praise deserve,
Though in the active part they cannot serve:
In action, learned counsellors their age,
Profession, or disease, forbids t' engage.
Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd,
Whose wise instructions after-ages guide;

Yet

Yet vainly most their age in study spend ;
No end of writing books, and to no end :
Beating their brains for strange and hidden things,
Whose knowledge, nor delight nor profit brings ;
Themselves with doubt both day and night perplex,
Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but vex.
Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.
What need we gaze upon the spangled sky ?
Or into matter's hidden causes pry ?
To describe every city, stream, or hill
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill ?
What is 't to hear a sophister, that pleads,
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads ?
If we were wise, these things we should not mind,
But more delight in easy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too ;
To live and die is all we have to do :
The way (if no digression 's made) is even,
And free access, if we but ask, is given.
Then seek to know those things which make us blest,
And having found them, lock them in thy breast ;
Enquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole age in these enquiries waste,
And die like fools before one step they 've past ;
'Tis strange to know the way, and not t' advance,
That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach, not do ;
And standing still themselves, make others go.

In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know,
The soldier that philosopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the schools declaim'd;
Tell (said the soldier) venerable sir,
Why all these words, this clamour, and this stir?
Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day?
Whilst one says only yea, and t'other nay.
Oh, said the doctor, we for wisdom toil'd,
For which none toils too much: the soldier smil'd;
You're grey and old, and to some pious use
This mass of treasure you should now reduce:
But you your store have hoarded in some bank,
For which the infernal spirits shall you thank.
Let what thou learnest be by practice shown,
'Tis said that wisdom's children make her known.
What's good doth open to th' enquirer stand,
And itself offers to th' accepting hand;
All things by order and true measures done,
Wisdom will end, as well as she begun.
Let early care thy main concerns secure,
Things of less moment may delays endure:
Men do not for their servants first prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;
Yet when we're sick, the doctor's fetcht in haste,
Leaving our great concernment to the last.
When we are well, our hearts are only set
(Which way we care not) to be rich or great:
What shall become of all that we have got?
We only know that us it follows not;

And

And what a trifle is a moment's breath,
Laid in the scale with everlasting death !
What 's time, when on eternity we think ?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink ;
Time 's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much dost owe, thou much must pay,
Think on the debt against th' accompting-day ;
God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent,
Will ask how these two talents have been spent.
Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind,
He 's mad, that seeks what no man e'er could find.
Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin ?
What thoughts man's reason better can become,
Than th' expectation of his welcome home ?
Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
And that too (if the lessor please) must cease.
Death cancels nature's bonds, but for our deeds
(That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds ;
If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail
Condemned debtors from th' eternal gaol.
Christ's blood 's our balsam ; if that cure us here,
Him, when our judge, we shall not find severe ;
His joke is easy when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis cast.
Be just in all thy actions ; and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind ;
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill ;

To

To the same end men several paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the same hand into a fist may close,
Which instantly a palm expanded shows:
Justice and faith never forsake the wise,
Yet may occasion put him in disguise;
Not turning like the wind, but if the state
Of things must change, he is not obstinate;
Things past, and future, with the present weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour says.
Few things by wisdom are at first believ'd;
An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
For many truths have often past for lies,
And lies as often put on truth's disguise:
As flattery too oft like friendship shows,
So them who speak plain truth we think our foes.
No quick reply to dubious questions make,
Suspence and caution still prevent mistake.
When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end:
All great concerns must delays endure;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure;
And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty;
But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,
Ere they begin let thy pretensions end.
Let thy discourse be such, that thou may'st give
Profit to others, or from them receive:
Instruct the ignorant; to those that live
Under thy care, good rules and patterns give;

Nor

Nor is 't the least of virtues, to relieve
 Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve.
 Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love :
 But less condemn whom thou dost not approve ;
 Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth wrong,
 And too sharp censure shews an evil tongue :
 But let inviolate truth be always dear
 To thee ; e'en before friendship, truth prefer.
 Than what thou mean'st to give, still promise less :
 Hold fast thy power thy promise to increase.
 Look forward what 's to come, and back what 's past,
 Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd :
 What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess,
 Thou then wilt be secure of the success ;
 Yet be not always on affairs intent,
 But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent :
 When our minds eyes are disengag'd and free,
 They clearer, farther, and distinctly see ;
 They quicken sloth, perplexities untie,
 Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollify ;
 And though our hands from labour are releas'd,
 Yet our minds find (ev'n when we sleep) no rest.
 Search not to find how other men offend,
 But by that glass thy own offences mend ;
 Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
 (So it be learning) or from whence it come.
 Of thy own actions others judgments learn ;
 Often by small, great matters we discern :
 Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show ;
 We may our ends by our beginnings know.

Let

Let none direct thee what to do or say,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway;
Let not the pleasing many thee delight.
First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge right.
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round
Standing, and whence no safe descent is found:
In vain his nerves and faculties he strains
To rise, whose raising unsecure remains:
They whom desert and favour forwards thrust,
Are wise, when they their measures can adjust.
When well at ease, and happy, live content,
And then consider why that life was lent;
When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.
Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
Which nor a witness nor a judge might know.
The highest hill is the most slippery place,
And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face.
And her unsteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high power, but seldom holds them fast;
Against her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herself confines.
More in prosperity is reason tost,
Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost:
Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,
But with side winds into safe harbours steer;
More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.

Who

Who casts out threats and frowns, no man deceives,
 Time for resistance and defence he gives;
 But flattery still in sugar'd words betrays,
 And poison in high-tasted meats conveys;
 So Fortune's smiles unguarded man surprize,
 But when she frowns, he arms, and her defies.

O F J U S T I C E.

'TIS the first sanction nature gave to man,
 Each other to assist in what they can;
 Just or unjust, this law for ever stands,
 All things are good by law which she commands;
 The first step, man towards Christ must justly live,
 Who t' us himself, and all we have, did give;
 In vain doth man the name of just expect,
 If his devotions he to God neglect;
 So must we reverence God, as first to know
 Justice from him, not from ourselves, doth flow;
 God those accepts, who to mankind are friends,
 Whose justice far as their own power extends;
 In that they imitate the power divine,
 The sun alike on good and bad doth shine;
 And he that doth no good, although no ill,
 Does not the office of the just fulfil.
 Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer,
 'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear;
 We live not only for ourselves to care,
 Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.

Wife

Wise Plato said, the world with men was stor'd,
That succour each to other might afford;
Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,
But several parts to several men consign'd;
He that of his own stores no part can give,
May with his counsel or his hands relieve.
If fortune make thee powerful, give defence
'Gainst fraud, and force, to naked innocence:
And when our justice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order must direct the way:
First to our God we must with reverence bow;
The second honour to our prince we owe;
Next to wives, parents, children, fit respect,
And to our friends and kindred we direct:
Then we must those who groan beneath the weight
Of age, disease, or want, commiserate:
'Mongst those whom honest lives can recommend,
Our justice more compassion should extend;
To such, who thee in some distress did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with interest should be paid:
As Hesiod sings, spread waters o'er thy field,
And a most just and glad increase 'twill yield.
But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,
Mischief and wrong be to another done;
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'st nothing give, that is not thine;
That liberality 's but cast away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:
And no access to wealth let rapine bring;
Do nothing that 's unjust, to be a king.

Justice must be from violence exempt,
But fraud 's her only object of contempt.
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells ;
But justice both from human hearts expels ;
But he 's the greatest monster (without doubt)
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and slanders bear their share.
Truth justice loves, and truth injustice fears,
Truth above all things a just man reveres :
Though not by oaths we God to witness call,
He sees and hears, and still remembers all ;
And yet our attestations we may wrest,
Sometimes to make the truth more manifest ;
If by a lye a man preserve his faith,
He pardon, leave, and absolution hath ;
Or if I break my promise, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy trust conceal,
Nor what 's forbid by any means reveal.
Express thyself in plain, not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or disputes affords :
Unless thou find occasion, hold thy tongue ;
Thyself or others, careless talk may wrong.
When thou art called into public power,
And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,
Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms ;
Small praise from lenity and remissness comes :
Crimes pardon'd, others to those crimes invite,
Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright :

When

When by a pardon'd murderer blood is spilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt;
Who accuse rigour, make a gross mistake,
One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make:
When justice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown;
As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire,
T' unlock the gates, and set the town on fire.
Yet lest the punishment th' offence exceed,
Justice with weight and measure must proceed:
Yet when pronouncing sentence, seem not glad,
Such spectacles, though they are just, are sad;
Though what thou dost, thou ought'st not to repent,
Yet human bowels cannot but relent:
Rather than all must suffer, some must die;
Yet nature must condole their misery.
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'st not these condemn, and those absolve.
Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind,
Nor cruelty, nor mercy, change her mind;
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives;
And if she catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
They tear her cords like Sampson, and escape;
So like a fly the poor offender dies;
But, like the wasp, the rich escapes and flies.

Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend;
Or after warning the offence forget;
So God himself our failings doth remit.
Expect not more from servants than is just,
Reward them well, if they observe their trust;
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and nature them our brothers made;
If his offence be great, let that suffice;
If light, forgive, for no man's always wise.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

P R E F A C E.

My early Mistrefs, now my ancient Muse,
 That strong Circæan liquor cease t' infuse,
 Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
 Now stoop with dis-enchanted wings to truth;
 As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
 May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
 Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning shoots
 To heaven her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the east,
 He his own image on the clay imprest;
 As subjects then the whole creation came,
 And from their natures Adam them did name;
 Not from experience (for the world was new),
 He only from their cause their natures knew.
 Had memory been lost with innocence,
 We had not known the sentence, nor th' offence;
 'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
 The sad remembrance what he was before;
 And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
 Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
 After the flood, arts to Chaldæa fell,
 The father of the faithful there did dwell,
 Who both their parent and instructor was;
 From thence did learning into Ægypt pass:

Moses

Moses in all th' Ægyptian arts was skill'd,
When heavenly power that chosen vessel fill'd;
And we to his high inspiration owe,
That what was done before the flood, we know.
From Ægypt, arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the golden fleece.
Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities;
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one;
Th' Eternal Cause, in their immortal lines,
Was taught, and poets were the first divines:
God Moses first, then David did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heavenly quire;
To th' one the style of friend he did impart,
On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart:
And Moses, in the old original,
Even God the poet of the world doth call.
Next those old Greeks, Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd wise;
The divine Plato moral virtue shews,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
Who nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds;
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits;
Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.

Flying from thence, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome ;
Then wheresoe'er her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread ;
And as in this our microcosm, the heart
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to every part ;
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues through the universe.
Here some digression I must make, t' accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ingrateful Muse :
Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
And not to thy great ancestor do right ?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those, who say the sun hath never shin'd ;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want light, who taught the world to see :
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's skull the Muses' hive ;
And from his brain, that Helicon distil,
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.
When great Augustus made war's tempests cease,
His halycon days brought forth the arts of peace ;
He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.

'Twas

'Twas certainly mysterious that the * name
Of prophets and of poets is the same;
What the Tragedian † wrote, the late success
Declares was inspiration, and not guess:
As dark a truth that author did unfold,
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
" At last the ocean shall unlock ‡ the bound
" Of things, and a new world by Tiphys found,
" Then ages far remote shall understand
" The isle of Thule is not the farthest land."
Sure God, by these discoveries, did design
That his clear light through all the world should shine,
But the obstruction from that discord springs
The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings;
That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
From heaven the Prince of Peace himself came down;
Then the true Sun of Knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd,
The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood
Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.
His passion, man from his first fall redeem'd;
Once more to paradise restor'd we seem'd;
Satan himself was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the serpent, as he tempted man;
Then hell sends forth her furies, Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy, their guide,

* Vates.

† Seneca.

‡ The Prophecy.

Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the apostles these events foretold,
Yet even the shepherd did devour the fold:
The fisher to convert the world began,
The pride convincing of vain-glorious man;
But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
And Peter's keys chang'd for Peter's sword,
Which still maintains for his adopted son
Vast patrimonies, though himself had none;
Wresting the text to the old giants' sense,
That heaven, once more, must suffer violence.
Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize,
Casuists, like cocks, struck out each other's eyes;
Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
Then Mahomet's crescent, by our feuds encreast,
Blasted the learn'd remainders of the east:
That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made mother ignorance devotion's dame;
Then, he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
His faithful emissary, rose from hell
To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand,
Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns did stand,
And before that exalted idol, all
(Whom we call Gods on earth) did prostrate fall,
Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
From lazy cells, where superstition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, so encreast,
That the whole world, some ages, they oppress;

Till

Till through those clouds the sun of knowledge brake,
 And Europe from her lethargy did wake ;
 Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
 That they their churches' nursing fathers were.
 When Lucifer no longer could advance
 His works on the false ground of ignorance,
 New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
 Then his well-study'd master-piece he plays ;
 Loyola, Luther, Calvin he inspires,
 And kindles with infernal flames their fires,
 Sends their forerunner (conscious of th' event)
 Printing, his most pernicious instrument !
 Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
 Into the press from ruin'd cloysters leapt ;
 No longer by implicit faith we err,
 Whilst every man's his own interpreter ;
 No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
 Lay elders, from their ends create their God ;
 But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
 We scarce know seven who think themselves not so.
 When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
 We were commanded to be all as one ;
 Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd,
 Almost as many minds as men we find,
 And when that flame finds combustible earth,
 Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their birth,
 Legions of sects and insects come in throngs ;
 To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
 So were the centaurs of Ixion's race,
 Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace ;

And such the monsters of Chimæra's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the clashes between popes and kings,
Debate, like sparks from flints' collision, springs:
As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat;
All the rich mines of learning ranfack'd are,
To furnish ammunition for this war:
Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
And double edges on our passions sets;
'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,
That the best things corrupted, are the worst;
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge, hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world;
That sun like this (from which our sight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;
And when thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,
Our guide is error, and our visions dreams;
'Twas no false heraldry, when madness drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew;
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils;
When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile like Arachne's line:
True piety, without cessation toft
By theories, the practic part is lost,
And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit;
Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.

Through

Through seas of knowledge we our course advance,
Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
And these discoveries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess,
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion;
The standers-by see clearly this event,
All parties say they 're sure, yet all dissent;
With their new light our bold inspectors press
Like Cham, to shew their father's nakedness,
By whose example, after-ages may
Discover, we more naked are than they;
All human wisdom, to divine, is folly;
This truth, the wisest man made melancholy;
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings grief:
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.
Our God, when heaven and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should of both participate;
If our lives motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
When, like a bridegroom from the east, the sun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to replenish which he drinks;
So learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
Back to the source, some secret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

O F O L D A G E.

C A T O, S C I P I O, L Æ L I U S.

S C I P I O T O C A T O.

THOUGH all the actions of your life are crown'd
 With wisdom, nothing makes them more renown'd,
 Than that those years, which others think extreme,
 Nor to yourself, nor us uneasy seem;
 Under which weight most, like th' old giants, groan,
 When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CATO. What you urge, Scipio, from right reason flows;
 All parts of age seem burthensome to those
 Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness
 Cannot discern; but they who those possess,
 In what 's impos'd by nature find no grief,
 Of which our age is (next our death) the chief,
 Which though all equally desire t' obtain,
 Yet when they have obtain'd it, they complain;
 Such our inconstancies and follies are,
 We say it steals upon us unaware:
 Our want of reasoning these false measures makes,
 Youth runs to age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
 How much more grievous would our lives appear,
 To reach th' eighth hundred, than the eightieth year?
 Of what, in that long space of time hath past,
 To foolish age will no remembrance last.
 My age's conduct when you seem t' admire,
 (Which that it may deserve, I much desire)

'Tis

'Tis my first rule, on nature, as my guide
Appointed by the Gods, I have rely'd;
And nature (which all acts of life designs)
Not like ill poets, in the last declines:
But some one part must be the last of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot, or fall.
And this from nature must be gently borne,
Else her (as giants did the Gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But, sir, 'tis Scipio's and my desire,
Since to long life we gladly would aspire,
'That from your grave instructions we might hear,
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young instruct,
Your long, our short experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.
Two consuls (who in years my equals were)
When senators, lamenting I did hear,
That age from them had all their pleasures torn,
And them their former suppliants now scorn:
They, what is not to be accus'd, accuse,
Not others, but themselves their age abuse;
Else this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whose chearful age, with honour, youth attends,
Joy'd that from pleasure's slavery they are free,
And all respects due to their age they see.

In

In its true colours this complaint appears
 The ill effect of manners, not of years;
 For on their life no grievous burthen lies,
 Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise;
 But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind,
 Not any easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute,
 Their age (as yours) can never bear such fruit
 Of honour, wealth, and power, to make them sweet,
 Not every one such happiness can meet.

CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius, bears,
 But not so much as at first sight appears.
 This answer by Themistocles was made,
 (When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,
 You those great honours to your country owe,
 Not to yourself) — Had I at Seripho
 Been born, such honour I had never seen,
 Nor you, if an Athenian you had been:
 So age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,
 To the most prudent cannot easy be;
 But to a fool, the greater his estate,
 The more uneasy is his age's weight.
 Age's chief arts, and arms, are to grow wise,
 Virtue to know, and known to exercise;
 All just returns to age then virtue makes,
 Nor her in her extremity forsakes;
 The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
 Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
 I (when a youth) with reverence did look
 On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took;

Yet

Yet in his age such chearfulness was seen,
As if his years and mine had equal been;
His gravity was mixt with gentleness,
Nor had his age made his good-humour less;
Then was he well in years (the same that he
Was consul, that of my nativity)
(A stripling then) in his fourth consulate
On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
I five years after at Tarentum won
The quaestorship, and then our love began;
And four years after, when I praetor was,
He pleaded, and the Cincian law did pass.
With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,
Yet with the temperate arts of patient age
He breaks fierce Hannibal's insulting heats;
Of which exploits thus our friend Ennius treats,
He by delay restor'd the commonwealth,
Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

THE ARGUMENT.

- " When I reflect on age, I find there are
" Four causes, which its misery declare.
" 1. Because our body's strength it much impairs:
" 2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs:
" 3. Next, that our sense of pleasure it deprives:
" 4. Last, that approaching death attends our lives.
" Of all these several causes I'll discourse,
" And then of each, in order, weigh the force."

THE

THE FIRST PART.

THE old from such affairs is only freed,
 Which vigorous youth, and strength of body need;
 But to more high affairs our age is lent,
 Most properly when heats of youth are spent.
 Did Fabius, and your father Scipio
 (Whose daughter my son married), nothing do?
 Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii;
 Whose courage, counsel, and authority,
 The Roman commonwealth restor'd, did boast,
 Nor Appius, with whose strength his fight was lost,
 Who when the senate was to peace inclin'd
 With Pyrrhus, shew'd his reason was not blind.
 Whither 's our courage and our wisdom come?
 When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome.
 The rest with ancient gravity and skill
 He spake (for his oration 's extant still.)
 'Tis seventeen years since he had consul been
 The second time, and there were ten between?
 Therefore their argument 's of little force,
 Who age from great employments would divorce,
 As in a ship some climb the shrouds, t' unfold
 The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the hold;
 Whilst he that guides the helm, employs his skill,
 And gives the law to them, by sitting still.
 Great actions less from courage, strength, and speed,
 Than from wise counsels and commands, proceed;

Those

Those arts age wants not, which to age belong,
Not heat, but cold experience, makes us strong.
A consul, tribune, general, I have been,
All sorts of war I have past through, and seen;
And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,
Yet to the senate I prescribe what 's fit.
I every day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,
(For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim)
Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,
Which triumph may the Gods design for thee;
That Scipio may revenge his grandfire's ghost,
Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost
Is on record, nor had he weary'd been
With age, if he an hundred years had seen,
He had not us'd excursions, spears, or darts,
But counsel, order, and such aged arts;
Which, if our ancestors had not retain'd,
The senate's name our council had not gain'd.
The Spartans to their highest Magistrate
The name of Elder did appropriate:
Therefore his fame for ever shall remain,
How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,
With vigilant conduct, when that sharp reply
He gave to Salinator, I stood by,
Who to the castle fled, the town being lost,
Yet he to Maximus did vainly boast,
'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
'Tis true, had you not lost, I had not gain'd.
And as much honour on his gown did wait,
As on his arms, in his fifth consulate.

When

When his colleague Carvilius stept aside,
The tribune of the people would divide
To them the Gallic and the Picene field,
Against the senate's will, he will not yield;
When being angry, boldly he declares
Those things were acted under happy stars,
From which the commonwealth found good effects,
But otherwise they came from bad aspects.
Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
But his son's death did all the rest excel;
(His gallant son, though young, had consul been)
His funeral oration I have seen
Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
I all the old philosophers despise.
Though he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
When feasting with his private friends at home,
Such counsel, such discourse, from him did come,
Such science in his art of augury,
No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;
Knowledge of all things present and to come,
Remembering all the wars of ancient Rome,
Nor only there, but all the world's beside:
Dying in extreme age, I prophesy'd
That which is come to pass, and did discern
From his survivors I could nothing learn.
This long discourse was but to let you see,
That his long life could not uneasy be.
Few like the Fabii or the Scipio's are
Takers of cities, conquerors in war.

Yet others to like happy age arrive,
Who modest, quiet, and with virtue live:
Thus Plato writing his philosophy,
With honour after ninety years did die.
Th' Athenian story writ at ninety-four
By Isocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
His master Gorgias at the hundredth year
And seventh, not his studies did forbear:
And, ask'd, why he no sooner left the stage,
Said, he saw nothing to accuse old age.
None but the foolish, who their lives abuse,
Age, of their own mistakes and crimes, accuse.
All commonwealths (as by records is seen)
As by age preserv'd, by youth destroy'd have been.
When the tragedian Nævis did demand,
Why did your commonwealth no longer stand?
'Twas answer'd, that their senators were new,
Foolish and young, and such as nothing knew.
Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispense,
But with cold prudence age doth recompense;
But age, 'tis said, will memory decay,
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
Or, if by nature it be dull and slow:
Themistocles (when ag'd) the names did know
Of all th' Athenians; and none grow so old,
Not to remember where they hid their gold.
From age such art of memory we learn,
To forget nothing, which is our concern;
Their interest no priest nor forcerer
Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philosopher;

No understanding memory can want,
 Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.
 Nor does it only in the active live,
 But in the quiet and contemplative;
 When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
 Was by his sons before the judges brought,
 Because he pay'd the Muses such respect,
 His fortune, wife, and children to neglect;
 Almost condemn'd, he mov'd the judges thus,
 Hear, but instead of me, my Oedipus:
 The judges hearing with applause, at th' end
 Freed him, and said, no fool such lines had penn'd.
 What poets and what orators can I
 Recount! what princes in philosophy!
 Whose constant studies with their age did strive,
 Nor did they those, though those did them survive.
 Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
 Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;
 For never any man was yet so old,
 But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
 Cæcilius vainly said, each day we spend
 Discovers something, which must needs offend;
 But sometimes age may pleasant things behold,
 And nothing that offends: He should have told
 This not to age, but youth, who oftener see
 What not alone offends, but hurts, than we:
 That I in him, which he in age, condemn'd,
 That us it renders odious and contemn'd.
 He knew not virtue, if he thought this truth;
 For youth delights in age, and age in youth.

What

What to the old can greater pleasure be,
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see;
When they with reverence follow where we lead,
And in strait paths by our directions tread!
And ev'n my conversation here I see,
As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.
'Tis disingenuous to accuse our age
Of idleness, who all our powers engage
In the same studies, the same course to hold;
Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
Solon the sage his progress never ceas'd,
But still his learning with his days increas'd;
And I with the same greediness did seek,
As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek;
Which I did only learn, that I might know
Those great examples which I follow now:
And I have heard that Socrates the wise,
Learn'd on the lute for his last exercise.
Though many of the ancients did the same,
To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

NOW int' our second grievance I must break,
"That loss of strength makes understanding
"weak."

I grieve no more my youthful strength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
Then with that force content which nature gave,
Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.

T 2

When

When the young wrestlers at their sport grew warm,
Old Milo wept, to see his naked arm;
And cry'd, 'twas dead: Trifler, thine heart, and head,
And all that's in them (not thy arm) are dead;
This folly every looker-on derides,
To glory only in thy arms and sides.
Our gallant ancestors let fall no tears,
Their strength decreasing by increasing years;
But they advanc'd in wisdom every hour,
And made the commonwealth advance in power.
But orators may grieve, for in their sides,
Rather than heads, their faculty abides;
Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
And still my own sometimes the senate hear.
When th' old with smooth and gentle voices plead,
They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead:
Which, if I had not strength enough to do,
I could (my Lælius, and my Scipio)
What's to be done, or not be done, instruct,
And to the maxims of good life conduct.
Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
Of men) your grandfire the great African,
Were joyful, when the flower of noble blood
Crowded their dwellings, and attending stood,
Like oracles their counsels to receive,
How in their progress they should act, and live.
And they whose high examples youth obeys,
Are not despised, though their strength decays,
And those decays (to speak the naked truth,
Though the defects of age) were crimes of youth.

Intemperate

Intemperate youth (by sad experience found)
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.
Cyrus, though ag'd (if Xenophon say true);
Lucius Metellus (whom when young I knew)
Who held (after his second consulate)
Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
Neither of these, in body or in mind,
Before their death the least decay did find.
I speak not of myself, though none deny
To age, to praise their youth, the liberty:
Such an unwaisted strength I cannot boast,
Yet now my years are eighty-four almost:
And though from what it was my strength is far,
Both in the first and second Punick war,
Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
Nor when I consul into Spain did go;
But yet I feel no weakness, nor hath length
Of winters quite enervated my strength;
And I, my guest, my client, or my friend,
Still in the courts of justice can defend:
Neither must I that proverb's truth allow,
"Who would be ancient, must be early so."
I would be youthful still, and find no need
To appear old, till I was so indeed.
And yet you see my hours not idle are,
Though with your strength I cannot mine compare;
Yet this centurion's doth your's surmount,
Not therefore him the better man I count.
Milo, when entering the Olympic game,
With a huge ox upon his shoulder came.

Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind?
The force which nature gives with care retain,
But, when decay'd, 'tis folly to complain;
In age to wish for youth is full as vain,
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain nature's ways appear,
And she sets forth the seasons of the year.
So in all parts of life we find her truth,
Weakness to childhood, rashness to our youth;
To elder years to be discreet and grave,
Then to old age maturity she gave.
(Scipio) you know, how Massinissa bears
His kingly port at more than ninety years;
When marching with his foot, he walks till night;
When with his horse, he never will alight;
Though cold, or wet, his head is always bare;
So hot, so dry, his aged members are.
You see how exercise and temperance
Ev'n to old years a youthful strength advance,
Our law (because from age our strength retires)
No duty which belongs to strength requires.
But age doth many men so feeble make,
That they no great design can undertake;
Yet, that to age not singly is apply'd,
But to all man's infirmities beside.
That Scipio, who adopted you, did fall
Into such pains, he had no health at all;
Who else had equal'd Africanus' parts,
Exceeding him in all the liberal arts:

Why

Why should those errors then imputed be
To age alone, from which our youth 's not free ?
Every disease of age we may prevent,
Like those of youth, by being diligent.
When sick, such moderate exercise we use,
And diet, as our vital heat renews ;
And if our body thence refreshment finds,
Then must we also exercise our minds.
If with continual oil we not supply
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die :
Though bodies may be tir'd with exercise,
No weariness the mind could e'er surprize.
Cæcilius the comedian, when of age
He represents the follies on the stage ;
They 're credulous, forgetful, dissolute,
Neither those crimes to age he doth impute,
But to old men to whom those crimes belong.
Lust, petulance, rashness, are in youth more strong
Than age, and yet young men those vices hate,
Who virtuous are, discreet, and temperate :
And so what we call dotage, seldom breeds
In bodies, but where nature sows the seeds.
There are five daughters, and four gallant sons,
In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
With a most numerous family beside ;
Whom he alone, though old and blind, did guide.
Yet his clear-sighted mind was still intent,
And to his business like a bow stood bent :
By children, servants, neighbours, so esteem'd,
He not a master, but a monarch seem'd.

All his relations his admirers were,
His sons paid reverence, and his servants fear:
The order and the ancient discipline
Of Romans did in all his actions shine.
Authority kept-up old age secures,
Whose dignity as long as life endures.
Something of youth I in old age approve,
But more the marks of age in youth I love.
Who this observes, may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind.
The seven volumes of my own reports,
Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts;
All noble monuments of Greece are come
Unto my hands, with those of ancient Rome.
The pontifical, and the civil law,
I study still, and thence orations draw.
And to confirm my memory, at night,
What I hear, see, or do, by day, I still recite.
These exercises for my thoughts I find,
These labours are the chariots of my mind.
To serve my friends, the senate I frequent,
And there, what I before digested, vent.
Which only from my strength of mind proceeds,
Not any outward force of body needs:
Which, if I could not do, I should delight
On what I would to ruminate at night.
Who in such practices their minds engage,
Nor fear nor think of their approaching age;
Which by degrees invisibly doth creep:
Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep.

THE

THE THIRD PART.

NOW must I draw my forces 'gainst that host
 Of pleasures, which i' th' sea of age are lost.
 O thou most high transcendent gift of age !
 Youth from its folly thus to disengage,
 And now receive from me that most divine
 Oration of that noble Tarentine,
 Which at Tarentum I long since did hear ;
 When I attended the great Fabius there.
 Ye gods ! was it man's nature, or his fate,
 Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd bait ?
 Which he, with all designs of art or power,
 Doth with unbridled appetite devour :
 And as all poisons seek the noblest part,
 Pleasure possesses first the head and heart ;
 Intoxicating both, by them, she finds,
 And burns the sacred temples of our minds.
 Furies, which reason's divine chains had bound,
 (That being broken) all the world confound.
 Lust, murder, treason, avarice, and hell
 Itself broke loose, in reason's palace dwell :
 Truth, honour, justice, temperance, are fled,
 All her attendants into darkness led.
 But why all this discourse ? when pleasure's rage
 Hath conquer'd reason, we must treat with age.
 Age undermines, and will in time surprize
 Her strongest forts, and cut off all supplies ;

And,

And, join'd in league with strong necessity,
Pleasure must fly, or else by famine die.
Flaminius, whom a consulship had grac'd,
(Then censor) from the senate I displac'd ;
When he in Gaul, a consul, made a feast,
A beauteous courtezan did him request
To see the cutting off a prisoner's head ;
This crime I could not leave unpunished,
Since by a private villainy he stain'd
That public honour, which at Rome he gain'd.
Then to our age (when not to pleasures bent)
This seems an honour, not disparagement.
We, not all pleasures, like the Stoicks, hate ;
But love and seek those which are moderate.
(Though divine Plato thus of pleasures thought,
They us, with hooks and baits, like fishes caught)
When quæstor, to the gods, in public halls
I was the first who set up festivals.
Not with high tastes our appetites did force,
But fill'd with conversation and discourse ;
Which feasts Convivial Meetings we did name :
Not like the ancient Greeks, who, to their shame,
Call'd it a Computation, not a feast ;
Declaring the worst part of it the best.
Those entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment :
But now I thank my age, which gives me ease
From those excesses ; yet myself I please
With chearful talk to entertain my guests,
(Discourses are to age continual feasts)

The

The love of meat and wine they recompense,
And chear the mind, as much as those the sense.
I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young;
Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,
To which, in age, some natural motions are.
And still at my Sabinum I delight
To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
But we the sense of gust and pleasure want,
Which youth at full possesses, this I grant;
But age seeks not the things which youth requires,
And no man needs that which he not desires.
When Sophocles was ask'd, if he deny'd
Himself the use of pleasures, he reply'd,
I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free.
But they, whom pressing appetites constrain,
Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.
Young men the use of pleasure understand,
As of an object new, and near at hand:
Though this stands more remote from age's sight,
Yet they behold it not without delight:
As ancient soldiers, from their duties eas'd,
With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd;
So from ambitious hopes and lusts releas'd,
Delighted with itself, our age doth rest.
No part of life's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge, and new learning fed.
All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease;
But those of age ev'n with our years increase.

We

We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
But free from surfeits our repose is found.
When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
Ambassador, from Rome to Pyrrhus sent,
He heard a grave philosopher maintain,
That all the actions of our life were vain,
Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd ;
Fabricius the philosopher desir'd,
That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach ;
Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,
Whom their own pleasures overcame before.
Now into rustic matters I must fall,
Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all.
Age no impediment to those can give,
Who wisely by the rules of nature live.
Earth (though our mother) chearfully obeys
All the commands her race upon her lays.
For whatsoever from our hand she takes,
Greater or less, a vast return she makes.
Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource,
But with her ways, her method, and her force :
The seed her bosom (by the plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly she embraces it,
Which, with her genuine warmth diffus'd and spread,
Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment,
Which from the root through nerves and veins are sent,
Streight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,
And, form receiving, doth itself disclose :

Drawn

Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes
Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.
When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd;
At nature's god-like power I stand amaz'd,
Which such vast bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
Can cloath a mountain, and o'ershade a plain:
But thou, dear vine, forbid'st me to be long,
Although thy trunk be neither large nor strong,
Nor can thy head (not helpt) itself sublime,
Yet, like a serpent, a tall tree can climb;
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine,
Proves thy support, and all its strength is thine.
Though nature gave not legs, it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the proudest cedar stands:
As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,
And to the highest part of mortals springs.
But lest thou should'st consume thy wealth in vain,
And starve thyself to feed a numerous train,
Or like the bee (sweet as thy blood) design'd
To be destroy'd to propagate his kind,
Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice
Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce,
The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must quench
Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench:
Then from the joints of thy prolific stem
A swelling knot is rais'd (call'd a gem),
Whence, in short space, itself the cluster shows,
And from earth's moisture mixt with sun-beams grows.
I' th'

I' th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste,
But summer doth, like age, the sourness waste;
Then cloath'd with leaves, from heat and cold secure,
Like virgins, sweet, and beauteous, when mature.
On fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, I long could dwell,
At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell;
My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting stand.
To tell the several natures of each earth,
What fruits from each most properly take birth:
And with what arts to enrich every mold,
The dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly meliorate;
As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,
From the four crab the sweetest apple came:
The mother to the daughter goes to school,
The species changed, doth her laws o'er-rule;
Nature herself doth from herself depart,
(Strange transmigration!) by the power of art.
How little things give law to great! we see
The small bud captivates the greatest tree.
Here even the power divine we imitate,
And seem not to beget, but to create.
Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the tame
For food and profit, and the wild for game.
Excuse me when this pleasant string I touch,
(For age, of what delights it, speaks too much.)
Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,

Great

Great Curius, his remainnig days did spend,
And in this happy life his triumphs end.
My farm stands near, and when I there retire,
His and that age's temper I admire :
The Samnites chiefs, as by his fire he fate,
With a vast sum of gold on him did wait ;
Return, said he, your gold I nothing weigh,
When those, who can command it, me obey :
This my assertion proves, he may be old,
And yet not sordid, who refuses gold.
In summer to sit still, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a shady grove.
What can in winter render more delight,
Than the high sun at noon, and fire at night ?
While our old friends and neighbours feast and play,
And with their harmless mirth turn night to day,
Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent, return t' our gods.
That honour and authority which dwells
With age, all pleasures of our youth excels.
Observe, that I that age have only prais'd
Whose pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applause receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been since believ'd.
That most unhappy age great pity needs,
Which to defend itself new matter pleads ;
Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our age those happy fruits present.

Those things to age most honourable are,
Which easy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, consulting, compliment, resort,
Crouding attendance to, and from the court :
And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd states.
Lyfander pleading in his city's praise,
From thence his strongest argument did raise,
That Sparta did with honour age support,
Paying them just respect at stage, and court.
But at proud Athens youth did age out-face,
Nor at the plays would rise, or give them place.
When an Athenian stranger of great age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the stage,
To him the whole assembly rose, and ran
To place and ease this old and reverend man,
Who thus his thanks returns, Th' Athenians know
What 's to be done; but what they know, not do.
Here our great senate's orders I may quote,
The first in age is still the first in vote.
Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command
In competition with great years may stand.
Why should our youth's short transient pleasures dare
With age's lasting honours to compare ?
On the world's stage, when our applause grows high,
For acting here life's tragic-comedy,
The lookers-on will say we act not well,
Unless the last the former scenes excel :
But age is froward, uneasy, scrutinous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parsimonious ;

But

But all those errors from our manners rise,
Not from our years; yet some morosities
We must expect since jealousy belongs
To age, of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs:
Yet those are mollify'd, or not discern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins humours, in our Terence, are
Unlike, this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine,
Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine;
So age's gravity may seem severe,
But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of age's avarice I cannot see
What colour, ground, or reason there should be:
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice some title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the spring had sown;
And with the providence of bees, or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty, winter's wants.
But age scarce sows, till death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap;
Afraid to be so once, she 's always poor,
And to avoid a mischief makes it sure.
Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
Is, to be poor for fear of poverty.

THE FOURTH PART.

NOW against (that which terrifies our age)
The last, and greatest grievance, we engage;
To her, grim death appears in all her shapes,
The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surpriz'd,
Which either should be wish'd for, or despis'd;
This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
That, if our souls a second life enjoy.
What else is to be fear'd; when we shall gain
Eternal life, or have no sense of pain?
The youngest in the morning are not sure,
That till the night their life they can secure,
Their age stands more expos'd to accidents
Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:
Death's force (with terror) against nature strives,
Nor one of many to ripe age arrives.
From this ill fate the world's disorders rise,
For if all men were old they would be wise;
Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws, and into cities brought:
Why only should the fear of death belong
To age, which is as common to the young?
Your hopeful brothers, and my son, to you
(Scipio) and me, this maxim makes too true:
But vigorous youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many years, which age must not expect;

But

But when he sees his airy hopes deceiv'd;
With grief he says, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they, who but desir'd
To possess that, which we long since acquir'd.
What if our age to Nestor's could extend?
'Tis vain to think that lasting, which must end;
And when 'tis past, not any part remains
Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.
Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is past, nor what 's to come, we know:
Our date, how short soe'er, must us content;
When a good actor doth his part present,
In every act he our attention draws,
That at the last he may find just applause;
So (though but short) yet we must learn the art
Of virtue, on this stage to act our part;
True wisdom must our actions so direct,
Not only the last plaudit to expect:
Yet grieve no more, though long that part should last,
Than husbandmen, because the spring is past.
The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use:
So age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
All things which nature did ordain are good,
And so must be receiv'd and understood.
Age, like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits untimely, crops;
The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires;

But age unforc'd falls by her own consent,
As coals to ashes, when the spirit's spent;
'Therefore to death I with such joy resort,
As seamen from a tempest to their port.
Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
Before our pilot, nature, steers our course.
Let us the causes of our fear condemn,
Then death at his approach we shall condemn.
Though to our heat of youth our age seems cold,
Yet, when resolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
'Thus Solon to Pisistratus reply'd,
Demanded, on what succour he rely'd,
When with so few he boldly did engage;
He said, he took his courage from his age.
Then death seems welcome, and our nature kind,
When leaving us a perfect sense and mind,
She (like a workman in his science skill'd)
Pulls down with ease, what her own hand did build.
That art which knew to join all parts in one,
Makes the least violent separation.
Yet though our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our station stand,
'Till God, our general, shall us disband.
Wise Solon dying, wish'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he still might live.
Yet wiser Ennius gave command to all
His friends, not to bewail his funeral;
Your tears for such a death in vain you spend,
Which strait in immortality shall end.

In death if there be any sense of pain,
But a short space, to age it will remain.
On which, without my fears, my wishes wait,
But timorous youth on this should meditate:
Who for light pleasure this advice rejects,
Finds little, when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (though not its certain date) we know;
Nor whether it may be this night or no:
How then can they contented live, who fear
A danger certain? and none knows how near.
They err, who for the fear of death dispute,
Our gallant actions this mistake confute.
Thee Brutus, Rome's first martyr I must name,
The Curtii bravely div'd the gulph of flame:
Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save
That faith, which to his barbarous foes he gave;
With the two Scipio's did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conquering Hannibal.
The great Marcellus (who restored Rome)
His greatest foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew:
Must then the wise, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd forbear?
Satiety from all things else doth come,
Then life must to itself grow wearisome.
Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite;
And from those gaieties our youth requires
To exercise their minds, our age retires.

And when the last delights of age shall die,
Life in itself will find satiety.
Now you, my friends, my sense of death shall hear,
Which I can well describe, for he stands near.
Your father, Lælius, and your's, Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know;
As certainly as we must die, they live
That life which justly may that name receive:
Till from these prisons of our flesh releas'd,
Our souls with heavy burthens lie oppress'd;
Which part of man from heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyfs, doth hide and drown.
A place so dark to the cœlestial light,
And pure eternal fire's quite opposite.
The Gods through human bodies did disperse
An heavenly soul, to guide this universe;
That man, when he of heavenly bodies saw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own dictates show,
But to the old philosophers I owe.
I heard Pythagoras, and those who came
With him, and from our country took their name;
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from Gods, in mortal breasts did shine.
Nor from my knowledge did the ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd, the hour he dy'd;
He th' immortality of souls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wisest nam'd.)
Why should we doubt of that, whereof our sense
Finds demonstration from experience?

Our

Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that 's mortal can so swiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an instant all that 's past collect.
Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature, but immortal, can impart.
Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause that motion owes;
And therefore that, no end can overtake,
Because our minds cannot themselves forsake.
And since the matter of our soul is pure,
And simple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts, which not among themselves agree;
Therefore it never can divided be.
And nature shews (without philosophy)
What cannot be divided, cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy discern,
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn:
Ere they can speak, they find so many ways
To serve their turn, and see more arts than days:
Before their thoughts they plainly can express,
The words and things they know are numberless,
Which nature only, and no art could find,
But what she taught before, she call'd to mind.
These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words;
" Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
" I shall be no where, or to nothing turn:
" That soul, which gave me life, was seen by none,
" Yet by the actions it design'd, was known;

“ And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,
“ Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
“ That soul, which can immortal glory give,
“ To her own virtues must for ever live.
“ Can you believe, that man’s all-knowing mind
“ Can to a mortal body be confin’d ?
“ Though a foul foolish prison her immure
“ On earth, she (when escap’d) is wise and pure.
“ Man’s body, when dissolv’d, is but the same
“ With beasts, and must return from whence it came ;
“ But whence into our bodies reason flows,
“ None sees it, when it comes, or where it goes.
“ Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,
“ Yet then our minds themselves from slumber keep.
“ When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
“ Then what divine and future things they see !
“ Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
“ And what they shall hereafter be, declare.”

This noble speech the dying Cyrus made.

Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade,

Thy grandsire, and his brother, to whom Fame

Gave, from two conquer’d parts o’ th’ world, their name,

Nor thy great grandsire, nor thy father Paul,

Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal ;

Nor I (for ’tis permitted to the ag’d

To boast their actions) had so oft engag’d

In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought,

That only Fame our virtuous actions bought ;

’Twere better in soft pleasure and repose

Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close :

Some

Some high assurance hath possess'd my mind,
After my death an happier life to find.
Unless our souls from the immortals came,
What end have we to seek immortal fame?
All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
The foolish and short-sighted die with fear,
That they go no-where, or they know not where.
The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
Before she parts, some happy port descries.
My friends, your fathers I shall surely see;
Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But such as before ours did end their days;
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praise.
This I believe: for were I on my way,
None should persuade me to return, or stay:
Should some god tell me, that I should be born,
And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
Asham'd, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my first starting-place.
And since with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We should be either satisfy'd or cloy'd:
Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
As many wise and learn'd have done before;
Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,
Which for our country and our friends is spent.
Hence from an inn, not from my home I pass,
Since nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
That peaceful and divine assembly see:

Not

Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
But my own gallant, virtuous Cato meet.
Nor did I weep, when I to ashes turn'd
His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.
I in my thoughts beheld his soul ascend,
Where his fixt hopes our interview attend:
Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
From age, which is of my delights the chief.
My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,
(That I man's soul immortal have believ'd)
And if I err, no power shall dispossess
My thoughts of that expected happiness.
Though some minute philosophers pretend,
That with our days our pains and pleasures end,
If it be so, I hold the safer side,
For none of them my error shall deride.
And if hereafter no rewards appear,
Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.
If those, who this opinion have despis'd,
And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,
Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
Too late will wish, that me they had believ'd.
If souls no immortality obtain,
'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.
The same uneasiness which every thing
Gives to our nature, life must also bring.
Good acts, if long, seem tedious; so is age,
Acting too long upon this earth her stage.
Thus much for age, to which when you arrive,
That joy to you, which it gives me, 'twill give.

C O N-

C O N T E N T S

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